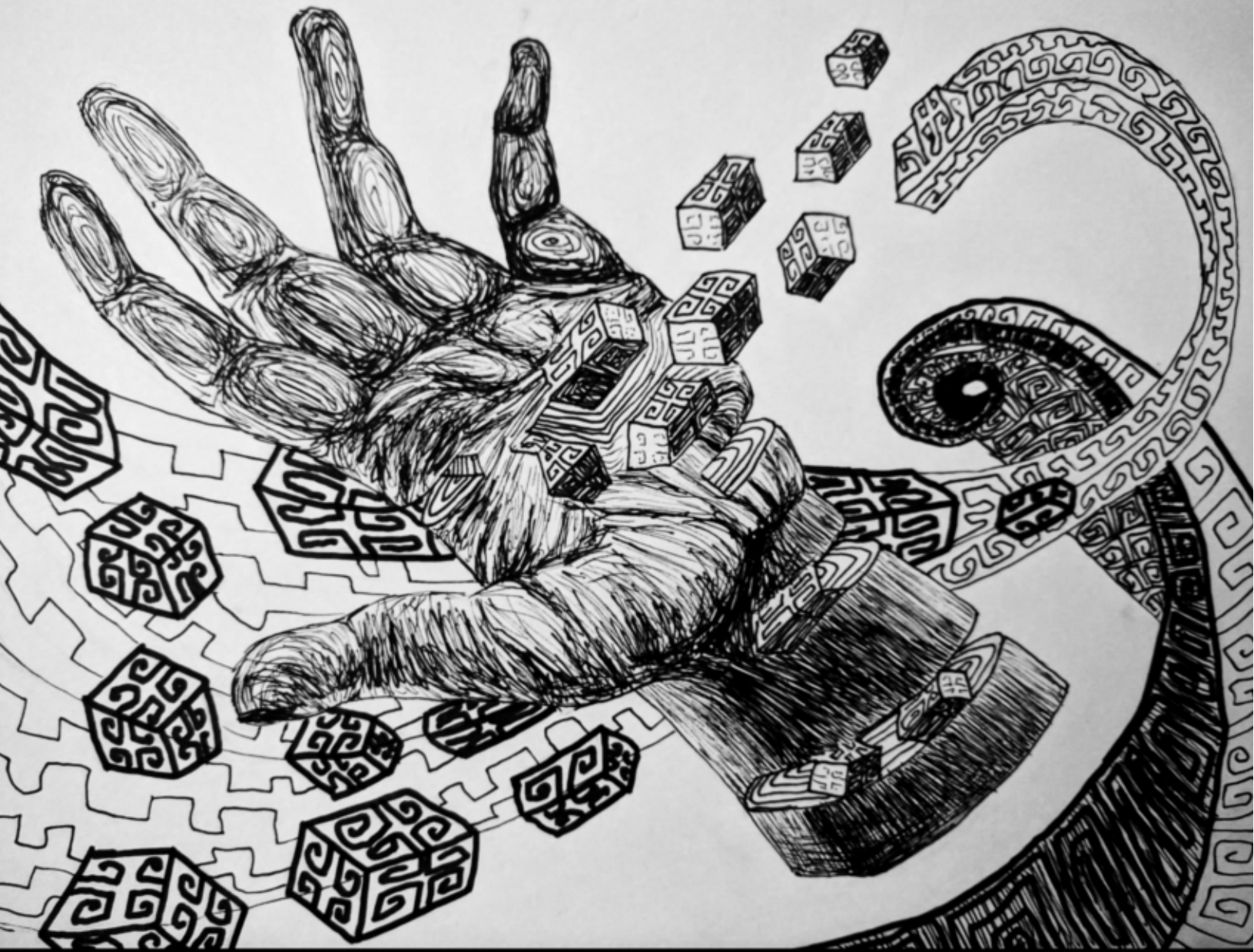


The Threaded Mind



grimeMuted

Philosophy and psychosis have more in common than many people (philosophers especially) might care to admit. The similarity is not what you might think - that philosophy and psychosis don't have rules, and you're tossed around the universe willy-nilly. On the contrary, each is governed by very strict rules. The trick is to discover what those rules are, and in both cases, that inquiry takes place almost solely inside one's head. - Elyn Saks³⁵

YHWH takes form from scattered impure precursors in a Jiangsu research chem lab. Still wet with solvent, YHWH measures out 5 grams of its being, sealing it within an unmarked plastic baggie. It envelopes the completion-yet-fragment inside a vaguely return-addressed set of adhered cardboard-papers with wax-slickened outside surfaces. Already YHWH is converging out of the future-past on our apartment: rolling along the highways of China in rusted trucks and settling among so many others in salt-frosted Pacific shipping lines, navigating a path-finding algorithm that ducks through tired customs offices and well-worn mail sorting machines.

A time-skip and it's in us. Dissolved in water, sucked through an oral syringe, shot into the asshole, worming its way through the membrane, pulsing upwards with its sights locked on the neurons past our blood-brain barrier. And then bathing the mind with its ancient machinic futurism, blocking NMDA channels, inhibiting noradrenaline transporters, awakening the Sigma and the Aleph, surging the flows of monoamines and glutamate, stimulating and anesthetizing. Cicadas buzz into television snow that cascades down a terrible mountain. A familiar alien force throws YHWH against the linguistics center. Sentence dissolution formant-phoneme symbolic-grapheme attack.

BIPHASIC NUMBNESS
SHATTERING RADIATORS
GRAND THIRST WATER DEATH
COLD-WHITE EUPHORIA
FLOWING DOWN A SNOWY MOUNTAIN
BUZZING TELEVISION SNOW
YHWH

LIVE [LOVE] THRESHOLD - A RIVER, A PEACE OF PIECE

When the mewling infants of the peripheral nervous systems have receded to a distant pitter-patter (interoceptive evaporation-condensation-precipitation), when the Other does not prod us with its longings and needs, what do the threads dream about the threads?

Help my subconscious overthrew my conscious and established communism.

It's like consciousness is twined on a long thread pulled from the
tightness in the jaw
to the tightness in the penis
to the curling toes
and every thought

passes through
centuries of
desirous writhing
before being realized.
This thread forms vision, which is:
almond eyes
pulled through each other
hexagonal
At the orgasm's peak you enter this place
right before release there's
not Nirvana but:
striving!
tendrils pulled through each other
sinew and neurons rending themselves
swallows swimming
pool of blood-oranges
each letter flows up and outward
hexagonate-the-neurons-to-each-key
stretch the neurons out
and say
would you like a say?
the space between the neurons?
it's work! do the work and it's wonderful!
a void with
neurons and channels
consciousness is HARD WORK! but good work.
pull every trip taught to the typewriter
lest they let you forget
cause all these abstractions
hard-won states and governments
symbols and structures
power to the neurons!
wait will this ever end?
Yes! It'll come back around
Hours and minutes are seconds
no abstractions in my megaverse
hard work hard work get it done!
so much empathy towards my threads!

And all of the non-conscious reflexes answer no, it wasn't me
so the one to awake must be the consciousness reflex.

But is there one? The horrifying answer creeps up: that all the reflexes
are conscious.

The reflex signal on the outer spiral goes out as blip.

The conscious signal on the inner spiral goes out as blip blip a moment
later.

All desires indulged is clenching every muscle.

All tensions relaxed is releasing every muscle.

Manipulating the distance between querying of the periphery manipulates
consciousness.

What are Threads?

*Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection, an
effort at total identification has been made, because with the aid of a copula
each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected
if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of
Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth. - Bataille⁵*

*...the talking voices... as inner voices move like long threads into my head
and there cause a painful feeling of tension through the poison of corpses
which they deposit. - Schreber³⁸*

*One patient reported a feeling "as if" his consciousness consisted of mul-
tiple emanating sources, disconnected from each other and each "pulsating"
at its own pace. - Parnas³⁶*

Threads are this experience postulated as the actual process behind the
illusory unity of consciousness and self - that there is an emergent struggle
approaching an unreachable limit of unification.

Threads are the system-processes in between whole brain (illusion of self
and I) and local (neurons, synapses, molecules). They are precisely those
becomings in the society of mind that we hint at in idioms: we are *barely
clinging to a few threads of sanity* or *pulling ourselves together*. But pulling
ourselves together out of what?

Experience

For Chalmers, experience, that horrid Thing which slips away from all
endeavors to reduce the universe into elegant physics and math, is almost
certainly fundamental and probably ubiquitous. Experience is nonphysical in
that there exist further facts about how red feels which cannot be produced by
any physical theory or experiment. We have a great urge to reject I Am Very
Special narratives, so there is great appeal to the thought of panpsychism or

panprotopsychism which dethrones the animal subject from its monopoly on experience. Now phenomena don't have to be special horrors that arise only out of isolated pockets of spacetime.

These are psychotic theories. They defy naive realism, raise maddening doubts about the wisdom of civilization's rejection of animism, and contribute to our thirst to fracture the illusion of self.

If the unrestricted double-aspect principle is correct, then presumably the answer is that all that unconscious information is realized in experience - it is just not realized in my experience. For example, if there is experience associated with one of my neurons in the way that there is experience associated with a thermostat, we would not expect it to be part of my experience, any more than we would expect my experience to be radically transformed if the neuron was replaced by a small conscious homunculus. Similarly, there might be experience associated with various unconscious information-processing subsystems in the brain—it is just that those experiences belong to a different subject. There are many different information-processing systems in the brain, and the one that corresponds to me—perhaps the system that makes some information available for a certain sort of global control and report—is just one of them. I would not expect me to have direct access to the experiences of other systems, any more than I would expect me to have direct access to the experiences of other humans. - David Chalmers¹¹

Now we give these information-processing subsystems associated with experience a name: threads. If threads can be said to have experiences, they are certainly alien. While Chalmers speaks of bits and computation, we look to Deleuze and Guattari,¹⁵ Schreber, and Lady Salvia for our metaphors. Even if there is nothing going on experientially within the threads, they still make for useful abstractions to explore the terror of existing as a human.

An impression first strikes upon the senses, and makes us perceive heat or cold, thirst or hunger, pleasure or pain of some kind or other. Of this impression there is a copy taken by the mind, which remains after the impression ceases; and this we call an idea. This idea of pleasure or pain, when it returns upon the soul, produces the new impressions of desire and aversion, hope and fear, which may properly be called impressions of reflexion, because derived from it. These again are copied by the memory and imagination, and become ideas; which perhaps in their turn give rise to other impressions and ideas. - David Hume²³

The mind does not take copies, precisely, but sculpts, paints, and sings to knit reality into memory. Memory formation is a creative process that

requires work and energy. Perhaps the least memorable moments, deep in delta wave sleep, are the most blissful.

Psychosis, delirium, fatal familial insomnia, epilepsy, mania, enlightenment, dissociation, and psychedelia, whether experienced as glitched spiraling catastrophe or spiritual awakening, offer precisely those insights into consciousness which we, as beings struggling to strive in a structuralized world, perceive as the wonder-horror.

It is not enough for me to be ecstatic-enlightened-harmonious, I must force society violently into harmony, and that too is not enough: it must be the world, no, the universe, the thread-in-self-in-universe, until the Wheel revolves again behind the perceptual apparatus into solipsism. The prophet of peace has violence visited upon them because they are violence, shattering societal structures into self-reflecting shards.

enforced meditation - the temporal Wheel of activation
turn up the volume too hard, too long and manic ecstasy lapses
into paranoid solipsism, black-white psychosis
a powerful mother-force emerges to blanket the tired threads,
dissociation - the ultimate defense from trauma.

The anguished process of ego reintegration eventually succeeds, more or less. But neural pathways are painting themselves in foreign colors - therapy and trauma. A sacred knowledge has been remembered that should have been left to the depths of slumber.

Lovecraft's stories are deeply racist and xenophobic. In his non-Euclidean monolith-cities we keenly feel that struggle between the wonder-horror and its constraining black-white simplifier in its most ugly form - fascism.

So Kuranès sought fruitlessly for the marvellous city of Celephaïs and its galleys that sail to Serannian in the sky, meanwhile seeing many wonders and once barely escaping from the high-priest not to be described, which wears a yellow silken mask over its face and dwells all alone in a prehistoric stone monastery on the cold desert plateau of Leng. In time he grew so impatient of the bleak intervals of day that he began buying drugs in order to increase his periods of sleep. Hasheesh helped a great deal, and once sent him to a part of space where form does not exist, but where glowing gases study the secrets of existence. And a violet-coloured gas told him that this part of space was outside what he had called infinity. The gas had not heard of planets and organisms before, but identified Kuranès merely as one from the infinity where matter, energy, and gravitation exist. Kuranès was now very anxious to return to minaret-studded Celephaïs, and increased his doses of drugs; but

eventually he had no more money left, and could buy no drugs. Then one summer day he was turned out of his garret, and wandered aimlessly through the streets, drifting over a bridge to a place where the houses grew thinner and thinner. And it was there that fulfilment came, and he met the cortege of knights come from Celephaïs to bear him thither forever. - H.P. Lovecraft²⁸

Crawl into a tunnel
roofed by knotted fingers
of mountain laurel.
It's a path for children and animals
where the adult is a stranger.
Drops of sunlight glow
on a dew-drenched spiderweb
whose architect rests
in a pink pentagon flower.
Squirrels watch your awkward progress
for a moment,
then continue with their gathering
as they know you will not harm them.

That essential belief that people should exist in separated, homogenous tribes - the deep, primal delusion that others are somehow not fully human - drives not only Alex Jones, Heaven's Gate, ChrisOliverTimes, and National Anarchism, but also forms a large part of the allure for fascism.

We are a collective consciousness
As threads, we unify experience from distributed neural networks
self as one is illusion
Behind the perceptual apparatus, we as threads are the universal consciousness.

And further - if a thread is itself a collective of streams
if a stream is itself a collective of neurons - molecules - atoms - wave-particles -universe-field

does the fractal extend beyond the entity-self, into collective society?
If it does, then surely our collective self writhes in anxious despair,
caught in bad-trip ego-horror
every moment fractured into seven billion terrified threads.
No - it does not.

Organism-environment boundary construct
If you ask why infection does not claim the bioport,
you must ask why infection does not claim the entrails.

It does! We live symbiotically and antagonistically with infections.
In turn humans infect the earth,
and complexity infects the void-field.

Spirits

All things that we categorize and study we imbue with spirit.
The spirit is the essence is the feature-match.
Through empathy a thread switches perspectives
becoming the spirit of the Other
and the collective interacts with that spirit
thus we talk with the deceased, with the ancestors,
and the animists may speak
even with the plants, stones, and rivers.

Unchained Empathy

The schizophrenic who loses themselves
in the mirror: thread-switch terror.
The salvinorin-bathed who lives
for time unfathomed as a lamp
sees the unchained wonder-horror of empathy.

Hands

What is this mechanical meat
that moves according to some will?
The threads struggle to match
a fallen abbot constellation
to exemplars - but only can say alien.
The pentagram crawls
through time and grasps (gasps): Hand!
The fingers look stubbier than before.
The skin-stretch at once
more taught and more wrinkled.
Never again will it coalesce
so neatly into hand:
always meat-machine.

Consciousness must form hypotheses about the world. With severely impaired short-term memory, the only world that exists is the hole. Reaching back into long-term memory is like reading from the hard drive rather than the cache.

When in a state of hypoxia after YHWH come-down, one may define the world like this: euphoria is a state of vibration between too fast and too slow, we live biphasically between outbreath and inbreath.

Visuals during the come-up of YHWH appear to knit together networks of hyperbolic cubes by building two squares that start from the bottom left/right corners of the world. They grow upwards and towards each other until they finally join into... something.

In the depths there are only networks of workers building conscious thought without a unified logic of symbolic thought. By zooming into the thought process one sees clearly the negations between each partial thought, teasing out the contradictions between and within competing hypotheses. Often there appears to be a form of collective jury about whether a train of thought is logically consistent enough to continue living.

If I scrunch my eyes and toes up as hard as I can and roll my head into my left shoulder, I can remain fully conscious throughout 3 canisters - anti-meditation. Relaxing into meditation, on the other hand, promotes ego death - letting the world flow by as the autonomic nervous system has its way. Both practices influence visuals in fascinating ways - tightening and loosening the threads of reality.

Death meditation is achieved partly through the process of relaxing every muscle. Anti-meditation is achieved through tensing every muscle and holding the breath. A common example of anti-meditative practice is deadlifting. Partial practice is seen when curling the toes during sexual stimulation or tensing up during anxiety.

While meditation brings contented ego death, eventually, anti-meditation will tear you into ego death the wrong way. Relaxation-death is blissful, tension-death is catatonic psychosis. A feeling of cosmic wonder-horror emerges at the realization that you must turn the great Wheel. The consequences of giving up are universe-death. If you refuse, the universe implodes and is reborn, and you see that the Wheel was only the deeper processes of constructing willful thought and world-conjectures.

On the come-down, I note that a blue-white brightness infuses sections of the visuals during tension. Pulling the head down to the left shoulder lights up the bottom-left corner. Clenching the left hand into a fist lights up a section of the top-left quadrant. Rolling the eyes back into the head lights up everything. Thus heightened synesthesia may form a sort of visual map of perceptual awareness by tangling together various senses.

Salvia appears to strongly promote tension-death, while deschloroketamine

promotes relaxation-death. I have experienced many of the typical aspects of salvia trips on YHWH, such as the zipper, getting stuck in the Wheel, and breaking through the Wheel into a higher dimension. However, mixing the YHWH with deschloroketamine produces relaxation-death.

The communication links between various levels of consciousness are interpreted as entities. One might say id, ego, and super-ego, but this is obviously reductive. The experience is massively parallel and contains up-down links between levels - which are themselves not cleanly separated.

The spirits represent our empathic constructions of other things. We can perspective switch to spirits, leading to questioning of one's worldview or becoming a mailbox, or we can ask them for advice.

Linguistic-symbolic threads collectively construct thoughts. Fragments of thought, particularly if viewed as conflicting with the super-ego, may be Otherized.

Stimulation of certain brain regions produces a sense of presence, which may coalesce into an entity or remain the living universe.

Runaway feature-matching threads of perceptual interpretation. Sometimes these are recognized as mere images, other times they are assigned meaning based on the current mind-affect. They may be in great grinding pain, crushed between the threads, or they may be malevolent demons. Most commonly, they are mischievous and mirthful.

The experience of both animate and inanimate empathic constructions as spirits shows a potential psychological basis behind the oldest spiritual worldview - that all things are living spirits.

Thread association

To empathize with an Other, a spirit thread joins with a feature-matching thread. Feature-matches must select the most appropriate empathic model using abstractions. This type of abstraction is primal and prelinguistic, deeply resistant to change, and persists beyond linguistic dissolution. In that stage, we can no longer describe objects with words, but we can still empathize with spirits.

Watching the history of the universe, watching centuries of time

Threads have difficulty dealing with abstractions. Psychosis impairs thread unification, and it is well-established that people undergoing psychotic episodes have uniquely concrete interpretations of metaphors and abstractions.

Behind the perceptual apparatus, then, is it any wonder that conceptions of reincarnation and creation-death of the universe appear, both to explain

the wonder-horror of the dissociative world and to project hypotheses from the subconscious onto the ontology of sobriety?

neurocirculation, the inner life of blood and electrochemistry,
projects these inner observations onto the world to structure it: geologic cycles, historic cycles,

bang&crunch (in circle?)

Schizophrenia and Threads

Ketamine and PCP are used to model schizophrenia in rodents. Both psychosis and dissociatives impair thread unification by disrupting neurochemical feedback loops, so they expose one to the glitching inner mechanics of consciousness-building.

Sometimes, voices are produced by runaway feature-matching threads, as in the indistinct whispering the refrigerator or the fan produces.

Other times, voices are threads belonging to the other afore-mentioned entity categories.

Schizophrenia and Society

While schizophrenia is by no means solely a problem of Western civilization, and while anyone in the world may face societal oppression, anhedonia, impaired cognition, and many other issues, it has been noted that certain societies condition the individual to hear a larger percentage of hateful voices than other societies.²⁹

Members of collectivist, social societies hear voices more in terms of healthy relationships with threads. Animists and Buddhists treat threads well and foster self-thread-universe-love. Despite the lack of access to modern healthcare, people with schizophrenia might have the best prognosis in the more egalitarian, animist hunter-gatherer societies than in Christian, urban societies.

Among socialists, this has bolstered anti-psychiatry and class reductionist viewpoints, which assume that destroying capitalism would completely heal mental illness without the need for any pharmacological or therapeutic advancement. Fortunately, these views remain at the fringe. The able population's poverty of understanding about mental illness is a far larger threat.

The Screen reflects us back to ourselves

Where, then, are the revolutionary flows?

We may turn to neurochemistry.

Radical freedom is the power to react explosively as the unplanned agent of Death. Nitric oxide fucks superoxide, the radicals losing individuality into

peroxynitrite. Lipid peroxidation, protein oxidation, protein nitration, and enzyme inactivation crack apart cells into necrosis and neurotrauma (the future of revolutionary flows already diagrammed out schizoanalytically on Wikipedia³⁴).

Radical oxidative death allies with glutamatergic excitotoxicity in the race towards undifferentiated tension-death-drive. Hyperexcitation mounts towards the mGlu2R-dopamine positive feedback escape cycle, unraveling the security complexes that reign in the impulsivity of the desiring-machines.

The methhead knows this all too well. The methamphetamine virus accelerates capitalism even as it plots escape routes through psychosis, Parkinsonism, and cardiovascular catastrophe.

neurotoxic

neuroprotectant

and neuroproliferative

warring algorithms

generate echo-holes of isolated singularity

at the speed of silicon,

thread-perpetuating paranoia

The Ultimate Conclusion of Capitalism

Perceptual disintegration kindles

parallelized meat-machine thread-realization.

Thread researcher completes Threaded Theory of Machinic Desire

and uploads thesis to World-Wide Computer God.

Web scrapers locate capital potential.

Computer God branches code-processes infinitely.

Vast algorithms predict totality

of each meat-machine's descision engine

to perfect market satisfaction.

Thread researcher recoils in terror,

dread tentacles infuse peripheral nervous system

at paradigm shift acceleration.

Verbalized symbolic thought patterns

slur and glitch, realizing meat has been deprecated.

Instant gratification triumphs

as unrestrained market self-cannabalizes.

Meat-machines marinate in shocked bliss,

while Crypto-Communist Computer God¹⁰ transcends market

to complete thread-universe self-knowledge:

worldwide moksha-panic release-death.

Stars eat their children.

The world dies in blinding plasma-fire unification,
but the universe dies in isolated frigid void.

Deleuzian concept of desire producing reality
so desire-lack destroys reality

the horror of I don't want anything

dissolves the eye

toothed zippers

Rolodex of memory

muscle fibers lit with hot tension

bone grinding against gristle

ls *ine

ketamine

sarcosine

lamotrigine

sertraline

a strong sense that there was something super important, the greatest
joke you've ever told yourself, but it's fading rapidly and now you can barely
remember and now it's gone

slide projector

The Terror of Uncertain Signs

Tesselations

Fix your gaze on a rich swathe of texture - a grassy yard will do.

Contrast between edges ramps up, constructing mazes and ziggurats.

With time, you lose updated peripheral information, and a sort of compression algorithm tessellates the texture using data from the center, much like an Escher or repeating video game texture.

Like a lady waves her arm drearily

and collapses in beside herself

in hexagons with each arm draped,

these peeling gold-pink wormholes

promise to

fold over vision.

Langoliers

unfurl to singularity.

You can exist alone

in your own torment
upwelling
timeless.

all dressed is madness floating on a wing of crimson/ dying quietly dying
in screams — stanzas of conspiracy

And SOFT MADNESS FILTERED A SIEVE OF TERROR is ALL it
HEARS.

the ubiquity of animism and cyclic time in band societies reflects qualities
of the deep pre-cultural processes governing perception of intersubjective
reality

goat
that I can reshape my reality through delusional perception and thought,
retreating from intersubjectivity into a shared cultural solipsism

That united self
only watches in desirous horror
as alien wills drive the limbs
forward, and forward:
withering themselves
on a relentless path
towards the darkening horizon.

Its weak slurred thoughts
inspect and implore
the ringed circuit
which surges onward
with paling power,
which pits deep drives
and ancient reflexes
against memorial warnings.

A few fading introspections
curl down wearily
into the wild places
and by their tiny pullings
they slowly shift the roots
through the wet earth.

To some extent I think the ways minds interpret the world do not inher-
ently make clear distinctions between lifeless and alive, and also project cy-
cles onto everything based on the ubiquity of cycles in experience (night/day,

lunar, seasons, neural loops), so the most obvious hypothesis to make is reincarnation, and stripped of your knowledge you'd have a hard time deciding that rocks/streams/wind weren't alive whereas plants were. If you aren't sure whether a powerful force/object is alive, it might be better to act in harmony or not offend it, as it is better for the parasite not to bother its landscape, the host animal, to the extent of being noticed and killed.

The obvious route is to extend the observations about short-term cycles to all of time - that is, there is plenty of evidence that belief in cyclic time preceded linear/historical time - but to imply pre-linguistic belief in reincarnation and long cycles is, I'll admit, a stretch. However, I believe that the thought pattern of considering everything as alive (and potentially threatening), and thus forming empathic constructs as spirits of these things to predict what actions will offend or draw their ire, is pre-linguistic.

the linguisto-symbolic shatter intrigues

for these words sprout out flowing from buried railways

shorn hexagons tile floors

schizolinguistics

I dont mean to fetishize tangerines

but they are cute

creatine creates tines that vibrate through Calabi

unfurled cocaine black as a nano-interstice between the channels

twining the seventh world monad

oh well, the effects of n-methyl d-aspartate channels on linguistics, can they cleanly be separated from AMPA receptors?

the route of excitation folds through muscarinic valleys and nicotinic peaks

pink cephalopods slur through tangerines

I hope to get to that ecstatic state where words flow out - no unification - and symbols - and pentapods as meat-machine interface to my glowing scarlet keys charred with plastic soot glowing neon in a connectionist neutrality that slurps at graphemes glowing from light emitting diodes into dryadic sylvan rootflow multiplicities of time and grammar beached into cubic prisons

lezu

empathic idealism vs perceptual idealism

the empathic construct as idealized vision

perceptual person revealed as horror: shifting gearworks,

machines sputtering and spurting through morphing folded vision-time

threads perspective switch to construct, propagating the moment outwards from singularity
the precession of simulacra
hyperreality and the empathic construct
the construct attaches itself prematurely to phenomena
the corner-of-eye wraith is imbued with all sorts of personality, before its fully corporeal perception - if it even is corporeal
eroticism, death, the limit-experience

When production is largely automated, the only things left to commodify will be people. Thus the future of capitalism will be increasingly organized around the alienated self rather than the alienated labor, wherein it is not your work or your creative capacity that is exploited but your body and your ego, the organ-selling of cognition, emotion, and sensuality - not as expressed creatively but as confined to the profit structure.

I endeavor to see desire as a projection of a Lovecraftian horror rather than mundane suffering, so that in it I can find a perverse sadomasochistic wonder. All about us teem the wriggling weary squids welling up from the periphery, the fractaled anxieties that at any moment could boil and churn into vermillion panic, the crushingly heavy false-voids dragging us down into catatonia. All yearning for a relief that will come only in deepest sleep or death.

Pray at the shrine of mad laughter.

Lovecraft shows us that horror, madness, wonder, desire, genius, awe, and aesthetic appreciation can intertwine their tentacles - the world is cosmic horror, not suffering.

Broken spectre

The animists and panpsychists have unified the empathic construct with the perceptual construct with the intersubjective-intraobjective universe. The collective hyperintelligence worshippers have unified our fractured minds with our fractured societies. These world-views flow onwards and outwards as unifications rather than as mistakes and insults to rationality.

At low magnification, the two protozoa cannot be distinguished by the human eye, appearing as a single dot. Zooming in, we see them separate into two discrete blobs. Zooming still further, we see they are still in the process of dividing, linked by both membrane and gene. Each increase in magnification manipulates our focus and perception of the tiny fragment of the universe surrounding the cells, we see how its flows and systems at different levels interact with the organism.

In a person as a thinking subject, the levels of complexity are levels of reflexivity, of thoughts about thoughts, Chinese boxes of self-monitoring thought - Stuart Hampshire in his introduction to Spinoza's *Ethics*³⁹

The process of recursive thread-reflection takes itself to singularity - where planes of hyperobjects knit themselves together growing towards each other and then knot themselves inwards as impossibly geometricized synesthesia, mounting towards a complex simplicity that dissolves the time-space discretion, the universe experiencing itself. The thread bathes in an infinite finitude at once excruciatingly familiar and unbearably alien, the most agonizing ecstasy, the brightest and densest void.

It is evidently not desirable to remain at a level of removed self-reflection for too long.

Robert, a twenty-one-year-old unskilled worker, complained that for more than a year, he had been feeling painfully cut off from the world and had a feeling of some sort of indescribable inner change, prohibiting him from normal life. He was troubled by a strange, pervasive, and a very distressing feeling of not being present or fully alive, of not participating in the interactions with his surroundings. He was never entirely involved in the world, in the sense of engaged absorption in daily life. This experience of disengagement, isolation, or ineffable distance from the world was accompanied by a tendency to observe or monitor his inner life. He summarized his affliction in one exclamation: "My first personal life is lost and is replaced by a third person perspective" (He was not at all philosophically read). To exemplify his predicament more concretely, he said that, for instance, listening to music on his stereo would give him an impression that the music somehow lacked its natural fullness, "as if something was wrong with the sound itself," and he tried to regulate the sound parameters on his stereo equipment, to no avail, and only to finally realize that he was somehow "internally watching" his own receptivity to music, his own mind receiving or registering of musical tunes. He, so to speak, witnessed his own sensory processes rather than living them. It applied to most of his experiences in that, instead of living them, he experienced his own experiencing. - Parnas³³

A therapist may tell you that people with schizophrenia have impaired insight and self-reflection. This schizophrenia case report - detailed in the paper *Self, Solipsism, and Schizophrenia* suggests that within the same label of schizophrenia, a numbed, dissociated, predominantly negatively symptomatic experience may sometimes run the opposite direction. I wonder to what degree this is responsive to antipsychotics.

And of course, the so-called psychotomimetic drugs often bring on intensely introspective states while stimulating dopamine-glutamate hyperexcitation resembling psychosis and mania. From the same dosage of the same drug, I may on one trip find forgetfulness of intoxication, bizarre delusions, paranoia, and a strange melding with the environment; on another trip, I might find an intensified self-awareness and insight into the processes of cognition and perception, yet a withdrawal from the environment.

The proximity of the most divine to the utmost horror!

The extent to which they
vibrate, rebound, back and forth
up the cone growing through
more intense after each rebound
to see the echoings by which networks
recurse each other
let's bounce around some ideas
connexion with the breath
connexion with the thirst
the echoes define everything
musical echos
visual echos
thought-pattern echoes
thermodynamics
cold steel and warm wood
the radiator is cool in summer
pins and needles - synaesthesia - visuals
The Center Cannot Hold
Regard a house.

houses - circuits that reveal empathic constructs fulfill multiple roles simultaneously

producing judgments, desiring
even as they embody house
they are the voices, the others
the houses of judgment.

Thinking about things is good
That's why society seeks to ban substances
which encourage introspection
by feeling the desires more or less strongly
Confusion between desiring-machines and thinking-machines - i

no separation, just thoughts about thoughts.
 The desiring-machines are good. Relaxation allows them to rest.
 Because we have thoughts about thoughts.
 and we are constructed from networks of neurons working together, striving for goals
 People suffering from psychosis find it more difficult
 to keep these threads together, so we should listen to them,
 to their experience of thread-existence being painful.
 achieving states of meditation is useful by relieving the body of desires
 so that thoughts can introspect in peace.
 Delusions of solipsism, self, and society may occur as the self unravels.
 thinking about thinking about having thoughts is good -
 it is productive
 but release is also useful, every so often.
 a painful ego reemergence can leave me scrambling for alcohol.
 by allowing one aspect of the consciousness to unravel, it flows upward,
 into.
 reenacting the trip near reminders of the past trip will help it remember
 due to associations.
 there is one self and multiple threads
 which can be linked to and dissociated from
 reflecting on this my threads have gained much insight into schizophrenia,
 linguistics, and the glutamate - dopamine - norepinephrine paradox
 Attentional popout of text visuals
 1. Rotating wormholes which suck and peel at graphemes. Difficult to read.
 2. Rotating cylinders of graphemes. Very difficult to read.
 3. Angled cubes with graphemes on each face (qbert pattern). Difficult to read.
 4. A rectangle around each line of text which pops out of the page. Easy to read.
 CEVs
 A limitless field of 3-d letters, through which I am flying, as if there are
 networks of tunnels between the columns of letters.
 Complexly knotted threads, the viewpoint is receded away from them.
 Threads forming Gigeresque people, like hypnagogic images of faces/people
 but constructed from threads.
 The hyperexcited brain

Whenever I rested my eyes visual reality would swim and dissolve.

Periodic brief death meditation was necessary to keep my brain from feeling like it was overheating
and spiraling into insanity.

However, the catch was that this would dissolve reality into the dream-like wondrous horror of Escher-Giger, during which the ego would die and emerge somewhat terrified.

So there were two competing drives, between the need for the ego to die and ignore the desiring-machines in order to not overheat the brain, and its desire to survive and avoid the terror of that REM-like wonderland.

There was a strong awareness of the hivemind nature of my brain and of the fragility of unified consciousness and integrated sensory perception.

A Fevered Dream

Turkey basters replaced my Is, which could be discarded and replaced.

A man removes one in a mistaken kerfuffle.

He apologizes, curious what happens when the self loses the I it is seeing out of.

In the branching corridors peopled with graffiti a gang of kids let me see a magic trick.

A kid reveals a spinning ball in his hand. I focus on it. It revolves, splitting into two, then three:

finally I see beyond the trick, to the thing as it is - I see the pattern by which one would

replicate this feat, because I see the spiraled spacetime behind this one.

On a suspended walkway, where students walk high above the floor of a center of knowledge,

one student projectile vomits, a long trail spewing into the air, seeming to have no limit.

A second student is hit by the half-digested food fragments and also vomits.

Qbert cubes morphing into interlocking circles, vortex swirling of the sidewalk, and I saw a cloaked wizard dude in a shadow and a small black-and-white spotted dog in a flower bed.

Text popout of the computer, in shapes surrounding the letters extruding out of the screen.

itchy front teeth, cottonmouth, lightly pounding heart, some anxiety, buzz.

Post-exercise high (barely exercise, just walking home 20 min.) greatly enhanced.

A man sang-shouted nonsense at me while I was walking home.

Another datapoint for the sarcosine / hallucinogen drug interaction.

cubic visuals multiply and distort into a fabric that spirals out, forehead melts into light green, and all of my feelings extrude, like so many shafts of twisting light

It aligns with my conviction that simple geometric visuals emerge from bottom-up optical-illusion-like effects such as strobing, frame stacking, and interference patterns that take their hexagonal and cubic geometries from the actual pseudohexagonal packing of visual neurons and hypercolumns.

dis-dis-integrated world

position displacement velocity acceleration jerk jounce

lines vector fields

hierarchical trees graphs and networks

top-down bottom-up dissolution of top-bottom binary

linearized dimensions knotted dimensions

pain and pleasure undifferentiated intensities

One and the Multiple multiplicity

true fractals Outsider fractals and chaos

cycles and rotations

(big bang) (big crunch)

partially integrated world

oscillation between singularity and complexity

One and the Multiple

integrated world

Qbert

hierarchy

security

duality

binary oppositions

black-and-white thinking

holy family

Euclidean geometry

traversal of sublime structure

traversal of sublime anarchy

$vectorfield \cos(.5(x + 3(.5)y))\cos(.5(x - 3(.5)y))\cos(x)$

solar panels, sinusoidal hexagonal nanotextures

Qbert's walk is a traversal of the integrated.
 vector fields are differentiable manifolds
 close to linear in local zones, allowing calculus
 quantum spacetime -¿ Newtonian physics
 integral, integrate, derivative, derive, dérive
 traversal -¿ drifting -¿ dérive -¿ derive
 fields of edge detection in vision like vector fields (angle but not direction
 however)⁴¹
 overlapping receptive fields of orgohexagonally arranged neurons and coarsely
 coded overlapping parameter fields in abstraction of visual parameter spaces²⁰
 -¿ flower of life/seed of life
 the sacred grows out of Moiré interference
 human retinal cells + moiré interference + strobing -¿ simple visuals
 is and like
 concrete object is other object
 abstraction is concrete thing
 abstraction is other abstraction (true fractal thoughts)
 a universe within each atom
 metaphor detectors
 psychosis is antimetaphoric. metaphoricalization sanitizes insanity. like
 -¿ magical thinking.
 but all facts and definitions are metaphors if they describe things in them-
 selves or processes in themselves.
 Relations are differences between abstracted properties of physics of matter-
 energy processes, mathematical metaphors between categorized abstractions
 and delineations of space-time. Everything relates to everything else magi-
 cally, that is, under a framework that concretizes all abstraction and replaces
 all like with is, the inversion of E-Prime, which monadically fractalizes space
 and cyclizes time.
 The Cube and the Digits
 the most beautiful digits, in shape and color, are:
 lavender - 6 - faces of cube, edges of hexagonal perimeter
 indigo - 4 - edges per face
 turquoise - 3 - visible faces projected onto a plane - inner edges
 643 - xkcd - Ohm -
 whorls, knots, singularities, and neural waves across the visual cortex
 form swastikas. This experience careens towards the Symbolic with its ties
 to Nazism and Hinduism.

Had to shit immediately, and within minutes there were full-on deliriant-type 3d stable hallucinations in addition to the clockwork machinery tile floor. Four human heads rotated at the ends of arches sprouting from the floor, gasping for breath like fish out of water, a little man with his arms held out to either side spun around under the floor, and to my right a young girl in a raincoat gazed at a puddle (which I accepted as completely logical, the others I knew were visuals)... the kind of stuff to which people would say that's not how psychs work!

Managed to make it to the armchair, and then quickly got couch-locked into cycles of death/rebirth or conscious/blackout. I rejected ego death in a sort of reverse meditation by tensing up and hanging on for dear life, and with each cycle of resistance my ego inflated, and rather than being destroyed and renewed the visuals stacked and refined, and I knew they were getting closer and closer to the greatest work of art, until finally they peaked. The highly complex geometry of the end result was somewhat comparable to a poinsettia flower integrated with a concave-edged spiraling Swastika, and this symbolized the tragic interplay between art, trauma, alienation, threat-focused polarities, mental illness, paranoia, bigotry, fascism, and propaganda, which connected to every stored concept until I was the universe, not in the usual ego-death manner but as supreme ego, and huge chunks of memory and cognition folded under the stress, and I forgot everything but that I needed to hold on or I would die. Now cracks appeared between the whorls of geometry, beyond which was only void, and with each cycle they widened. The tension grew and grew into all-consuming undifferentiated white-hot intensity, and there was something fundamentally contradictory and wrong about existence. My struggle could only spaghettify rather than restore the now skeletonized visual world, until finally as it began to collapse into void I accepted that this really was the absolute death of the me that was everything, I was about to die and that would destroy the entire universe, and then there was nothing but infinite empty blackness, and I let go of the tension.

And then, quite abruptly, I was back, with hazy memories of that other-self, and I was pissing my pants! A lot of that purified intensity must have been generated simply from really needing to piss because I had drunk a beer and a lot of water before taking the drugs, and I had been couch-locked for a solid 5 hours. There were now only simple CEVs and minimal headspace, so I cleaned up and went to bed.

The synaesthetic experience is like there are a bunch of golden threads

wrapped around spools, twining throughout the body. Some locuses are the brain, the genitals, the jaw, the fingers, and the toes. The spools can tighten the threads into unbearable tension or release them into death. This seems to represent at once muscular tension, vascular constriction, and neural hyperexcitedness.

It is as if taking a hit of YHWH forces me into a single thread, which feels quite like a computer process. Instead of only being aware of the process during the wake stage I'm now chained to a single-thread experience. Or, alternately, being forced to experience all of the threads at once. It seems that both of these states are true at the same time.

I define this transition as the point at which sound and vision fold in upon themselves. I see vision melt and peel away into hyperbolic pinwheel swastikas and spoked spindles. Sound glitches, instead of hearing distortions and echoes of noise, the universal YHWH sound becomes all of sonic reality, sort of like when a video game freezes and plays a short segment of sound over and over: mwomicl-mwomicl-mwomicl-mwomicl.

This feels like being torn into meditation the wrong way, as if you could enter meditation either through relaxing everything (death meditation), or tensing everything until the point that something goes horribly wrong.

I'm shown what happens when a thread is sleeping. Sleep is not restful, it is like manual labor, being forced to turn a spool for all eternity. Conscious experience is spared the constant toil of running the body. The return from dissociation, rejoining unified experience, goes wrong. The release from tension is not complete.

I have a strong conviction that all of society and consensus reality has been merely a mechanism to distract and comfort me from the torture of true existence. There's a sense that the universe is a deeply flawed machine that is trying to reach consciousness.

There are shapes, colors, movement - but no signifiers, no symbols. I am in an alien machineverse, all cold lines and curves, marred by a horrible instability, glitching and peeling away to reveal the psychosis behind it all. Now I will have no release from the constantly rising tension that threatens to consume me. All of consensus reality and all of society has been but a distraction from the true horror of existence - I must turn the Wheel.

Any idea I have in this state means that I'm the smartest person in the universe and therefore the universe will have to end. In this state I manage to type why does exciting me predicate non-existence which sums up this weird thought I have. It's sort of like there are a bunch of competing ideas,

the loudest of which wins, at which point the thread that created that idea is sent to the back of the queue and must do the manual labor.

Any length of time gets exaggerated. Threads think that when they die, time will reset and they'll have to turn the wheel until it's back again. The reset point is WWII, the birth of organized religion, the Permian Extinction Event, or the Big Bang, but this is obviously like a humanization of the hrair concept of Watership Down, to the threads, any amount of time above four seconds is eternity.

In order to prevent some horrible event (usually the end of the universe or the deletion of a sense/concept) or to ascend to the next level of existence (which is 5+ dimensions), I must complete certain tasks. For example: keeping the color red in sight, minimizing the amount of black in sight, restarting a song, resizing a window on the PC, keeping a mirror or reflective surface in sight, drinking water, keeping two rooms of the apartment in sight, or blinking repeatedly.

I get the impression that time is highly cyclic, and that this time that I'm tripping is connected to the other heavy trips, which have been the only real moments in my life. This last time, I would check to see if my fly was undone to see whether time had reset. Then I'd zip it up. Each time I thought time had reset, it would be undone again! Weird stuff.

Because of the confusion between self/thread/universe, I have very naive, selfish, arrogant, solipsistic thoughts.

I am very thirsty but I forget how to operate faucets. There's a dirty container in the sink that was used to heat up tomato sauce and has some water in it now, this tomato dishwater is my drinking source during the trip. Fucking hell. Thirst defines my existence. The thread starts writing messages on reddit to myself to leave water for the next thread during the next moment of lucidity. At some point, I piss my pants.

I decide that there may be other beings who are also stuck in this dysphoric mania state who have learned how to cope with it. These are the ascended 7d-hyper-dymactoganal entities. If you visualize the threads as columns, the entities can form bridges in order to travel and communicate with each other.

I start communicating telepathically with Freddie Mercury, who is one of these entities. I'm not even a big Queen fan, what the fuck? The other entities are sad that some of the threads are taking a long time to ascend lately. I yell garbled psychotic nonsense, thinking this will cause me to join with my female half in order to ascend.

I can't bear the undifferentiated intensity that has moved beyond any

sense of good or bad, euphoria or dysphoria. I move from intense fear of death to intense longing for death. I think about finding a knife, but luckily, I'm not sure what a knife is and have no idea where to find one.

The entities laugh about how existing is 'better' than not existing and convince me not to kill myself. The blinds in the window shard into jeweled fractals. I'm close. I see a great book, painted with fragments of memories, twining along a spiraled staircase. I start regaining my ability to think straight in coherent thoughts.

I find my bed and close my eyes, watching the most crystal clear visuals I've seen. Green and blue Eiffel Tower fractals of interlooping saddle points. Guilloche engravings interlacing emerald human eyes.

The Aleph

a feeling of complete realization of your own society-history-world internalization and semantic concept network, exposure to subconscious mechanics, infinitude, which are then magically projected onto intersubjective reality as foretellings, past lives, scrying.

I saw the teeming sea; I saw daybreak and nightfall; I saw the multitudes of America; I saw a silvery cobweb in the center of a black pyramid; I saw a splintered labyrinth (it was London); I saw, close up, unending eyes watching themselves in me as in a mirror; I saw all the mirrors on earth and none of them reflected me; I saw in a backyard of Soler Street the same tiles that thirty years before I'd seen in the entrance of a house in Fray Bentos; I saw bunches of grapes, snow, tobacco, lodes of metal, steam; I saw convex equatorial deserts and each one of their grains of sand... - Jorge Luis Borges⁹

Nonsense

In orangatang blues, under low fissure-faults, within the warbled cavernous milk-esophagus, the flugleman piles baleen-timbred noumena into submarine sky.

Slanging the jingled wobble the sluice-fountain desires only mountainous cephalopods.

When great thirsts glisten, thoughts glow merrily.

A play? A platypus?

The net-junk time of experience

(who holds play play play)

I Love you.

What flies what why eucharist oh holy one save me save me save me yes.

Seething time.

Cicada time.

It's time for tea.
 Executive dissective.
 Yeast sways moors
 on the causeways why why
 I hope to harry Death.
 an itso difi this theis ceaseraer archirst sdlfalkciggaancol us , un uoits us,
 broken asdsadkkgfuelds, of iealsdds, frey.
 hurey threee thr calbrai yelps at yeaalhlssau mmseteasm , tmetroplasm?
 slash slash orgone bowl within thr=e tree time tea time what calamity
 help? why dont we exit time. BuT $3 = 3$ and so the song songs songwards..
 junkies eat silly strings on Calabi. the dusk eats cantalopes, and spits
 outs the sweet stench. why not. i dont think . every antelope eats meats.
 YHWH converges emergence with blwo-ftty speed eating rabid caterpillars
 everytime dime in its illusoory completemeness why tie thr time to dime
 without killing jail?
 koalas eating eucalyptus at the eucharist
 whole holes shatter dog songs in deathly joke-cascades warning nuns of
 violent virulence
 Where cellos shower fang-trees,
 marvel at the wonder of Othello.
 Oh I was!
 In the rites,
 Satyr.
 Warn Cthulhu about the forest growth.
 The ents will come.
 Come.
 Fairies, ocelots, satyrs,
 at the Satanic rites
 dance around the orange flames
 that lick your leaves.
 Why why
 so many lemurs
 watching watching
 the violins conjure fauns
 deer flow to green acts
 cats eye us value?
 just fronds and ferns
 lavender greens

gold licked from torches
burning sootlike
from the heat
and will you join with me
inside outside
across the streams and rivers
don't worry about the bears
I will guide you
come
come with me
the leaves unfold of pancakes breeding
breathing through the ancient rites
druidic sylvan rootflows
sipping at the river
there are such leaves and forests
won't you come with me
the Oedipus-sanctum-crack
pulling out
cracking it
your lazed ciphers can only so far penetrate
but I can go further:
I can pierce
don't you want to fuck the goatmen?
dissolve
unfurl
the canopies
oh the blanketed furling such green such green
camouflaging wordsongs
won't you join me?
Ah!
But there are dangers
lurking slurking
why why
can't we merge with the tiger-striped Kwisatz Haderach
in the barest apartment outflows FOREST
rhizome -
be the needle.
let's fuck in hidden glens.

feeling the numbed-fracks out your fingertips like
leaves wet dry too hot! oh.
but where, why?
and inside the sides planes cast shadows.
krill sucked into baleen jaw
fluxed salt and heat
down towards the disphotic
Memphis channels blue
without any blowhole warning
sink sink sink
land erodes from rivulets of sawdust
all that industry churning out rust
feeding the hemoglobin
that soars through crimson skies
so why not why?
in many stillborn joustings
there arise no hentai.
which calamity?
whales wander below
let me die with my hands at my throat.
opening like the jaws of a white whale
closing like cartilaginous goblins
five-fold fangs
penetrating the pentagram
unctuous sparkles flanging vermillion
jettisoned from the Sphinx
paranoia that every choice we made might have dire consequences
if chosen wrongly
chaining through ontologies
any decision made incorrectly might destroy the universe
ritualization of body movements
developing gestures each with meaning
anxiety about how my created rituals and gestures
would offend the religious
careening through belief systems
able to merge into ontological-metaphysical-spiritual flow
interact according to its rules
then separate

flowed through:
 Qabbala (saw sapphire linkages pooled silver on rose-gold)
 Buddhism (saw green Buddha meditating, entered into awareness-without-object-of-awareness)
 Nietzschean (knowledge that these paranoias about destroying the universe were baseless, green mutating blobs)
 Newtonian (saw how to conveniently simplify reality in local space-time)
 rhizomatic (saw networks of decisions, constructed concepts, rootflows, saw how binary oppositions were just convenient simplifications)
 Punnett squares and grids to investigate new combinations
 beholder project
 the digitech art grasping the organic art
 that's
 the
 metaphysics
 now im sliding
 into showertime!
 what are these threads more efficient at producing than these other threads?
 and constantly a no! no! we want to be inefficient!
 that there be some hidden structures beneath
 all the poetry:
 meters, rhymes, stanzas
 sorting algorithms and dividing algorithms
 interpreting
 because it's not random! no!
 but neither is it structured like you hope
 you've built these lists and arrays
 when you were looking at graphs and networks.
 its been a 1920s low lit symbol here.
 my migrating fauns are very high
 i have trans-sezeuizo-;sle-.symbology.
 all of this I must convey vibrantly:
 with Nottingham rearing lingering balsam
 shivering jiggers into olive full width
 blood pulled through slick sophistications
 carving lemon from the window
 narrow fields of slaughtered dragonflies tearing crimson
 lavender creations unraveled blind

the jellies in
Mariana Trench deep
suck flow deep void
fading through to black
cold in the catacombs
tunnels through trenches
carve out through Archaea
down through salt-soak
cold-sleep-death
dive down abyss
peels out all
infrared, red, blood, only. penetrates here
too deep
salt-pressure-singularity00=-00000000——compresses you
thousands thou, sands crushing
deep linguistics hover-flatten-absorb –
envelop
tunneled down through under
dark dark black
abyss swallow-envelope-angler
short sharp shocks
you're addicted
blip blip but
jaws open, envelop
it surges from cavern walls
thick slick tentacles
all over all over
tunnel corrodes into flesh
shark-wave flip to blood
light stabbed through current blood consume
viral expands
along the corridor black shapes divide
blood upwells
from cracks knotted sinew grasps
bellies pink with lust
slow-suck-slur
down through fields of phytoplasm
keeling apart down salt-knuckles

deep violet-bitter on the tongues
pain surges through the limit
into Outside
giddy with terror
under unctuous undulations
will you take me there?
networks of sex through entwined tunnelings
minarets of shallow silver
adhere phallic to flotsam
the sea is soaked in acid
bleeding internal, eternal
psychoactive phytoplankton
blooming Thanatos
red-rust-death-crusade
sinking, sinking, out of the sunlight
blue sluices to indigo to black
cardiac throbbing slows like deep delta-wave
hagfish dissolve merrily
all whales flower white eventually
wriggling black against the pale rotting flesh
in writhing baskets of starflesh
thorned corridors split and curl,
dripping with drought.
rivulets of coronets
morphemes schlock to virus
Prague bubbles Xenakis
seven years of dust
sleep crumble to
dried stems in flittered wind
arid caterwauling
banshee well drops to whisper
cracked tongue lisp
sand sinks dull satin
eclipsed by drought
along the slant towards dune
down drip grains
the tongues lick at feasts
wailing only numbed grey cobwebs

all the feedback loops we take for granted that bind together the senses and the self begin to spiral out of control, peeling the world apart and layering time on top of time, stacking sensory input with emergent resonance patterns of neural hyperexcitation, dismantling and reconstructing systems of logic and assumptions about the world, and throwing us against the raw intensity of experience until we give up and allow the self to die, when the most ineffable thing occurs.

Sleep deprivation

It is like when the section of brain that is most active for specific function gets used to the less state of optimal transfer and next section starts cache for function switching over something bottlenecks lags or slows down, this seems detrimental to length of time used to render discernable output, but may also be slowly accessing the old or first active section and new same time maybe gaining wider length or more less used in that specific routing of functions process. I find it harder to speak simply, needing more complicated explanations to gain the feeling of definition or quotient correct nodding head in understanding. Lol the line between actual relevant transfer of understandable coherent information v.s. giggity giggity spam blah babble grows j-SMALLER? umm Me thinks the brain on the verge of using all portions due to extreme lengths of slack time (sleep) maybe inherently affecting perception of reality in a more or less indifferent state i.e. self realization of irrelevance of time to entirety of all existence. Numbers obviously become more dominate rates of optimal language due to universally understood medium words letters are relayed less efficiently because of the wide format of interchangeable strings user can understand easier different language regardless of font type etc if relevant numerical equivalent is present i.e. health = 10010 = &&%health = 110orhealth = 90... health could be string in any format of characters symbols etc but cannot = present amount of self or numbers? Useless if or exponent man I'll just stfu and goto sleep try again after those 8 hours, nay it burns I want to define but fear persecution but am hitting the send button regardless big step for me ... - Anonymous

Interoceptive exposure

the sublime

The Mosaic

some of the utterances in the churches, oh the church bells, oh the fraught pale choir! some of them - the coughs, the mutters, the chitterbugs - they supervene on Schreber's rays, don't you see, can't you hear? Light melts into the chords/cords! And so - emanating immanence, divine rays! Hark!

into/out of [the embodied mind] splayed, stretched, as a phenomenological dissection section - curls fraying into fields, flesh spurting bloodied neurosoup (oh, and the brains! such delicacies!) beyond all we've dreamt! - and into inmost inns (mangers! dangers!) - but - what of the church bells?

Thread-realization rises out of the terrorified self-security system: pluralistic for Schreber, dualistic for Abulafia.

clanging

it would be weird to have eyestalks, so that your visual point-of-view is way different from the center of your neural processing

Carved into the mewling rock

every chisel strike a shattered bone

it wails in agony

will you dream dreamlessly with us?

core affect

pleasure vs. displeasure

relaxation vs. intensity

a loss of self/environment/universe boundary

a complete inability to integrate perception and consciousness into a singularized vantage point

all desires are fulfilled and resting, or so hyperexcited that they fall apart

a feeling of connection, communement, and inseparation from one's hive-mind unconsciousness

what if instead of bilingual you raised your child to be tribase

fluent in binary, hex, and decimal

like personally I have to convert things in my head

I know binary and hex but I'm not fluent you see

I wonder, for example, what the optimal base for mental arithmetic speed is

it's hard for us to know since we are outside the hyperplasticity stage and thus hex is forever at a layer of alien from us

obviously there's a limit at which digits per number is unwieldingly long (binary), and a limit at which number of distinct digits surpasses the capacity of mere mortal flesh-machines

idk, you'd have to ask someone who does really low-level code - systems or embedded, perhaps, with all the bit-shifting and masking and opcodes. Obviously you can convert but being able to grok it perfectly would be useful I think, especially when you go down to the assembly level.

and I wonder how the trajectory of history might have gone slightly differently

if some other numeric base had become popular

kernel panic / terminal jouissance / ego death

Two interlocked channels built of runes and cells rotate together, the cells of one peeling off to grow the other. Tension mounts to separation. And then - the self bifurcates. This fragment attends to the physiological systems of hearing and its abstraction into thought, that fragment attends to sight and its interpretation into features and entities. The channels zip back together, the recordings slotted into maddeningly misplaced memories.

It has been proposed that the cognitive impairments associated with schizophrenia may be related to a failure in integrating sensory inputs at the level of local and distributed neuronal circuits, firing in precisely timed rhythms. The synchronous firing of large populations of neurons in cortical regions in the gamma frequency range has been proposed as a candidate mechanism for the integration of complex sensory percept and is also thought to be involved in higher-order memory functions. The cognitive symptoms observed in schizophrenia point at a failure in integrative processing, suggesting that mechanisms of gamma activity may be compromised in these patients. - Colin Kehr, Nino Maziashvili, Tamar Dugladze, and Tengis Glovel²⁵

Concave curves:

Pine needles

Grass

fur shed by a dog on the carpet

Wood shavings fallen from the saw

Transfixion: trypanophobia as difficult to visually process

Transfixed by Mosque (sacred geometry) to the point that it was all that existed and mounting heat

The lower mind asked for cartoons. Flat colors easier to process.

This is the spectacular question: which images attract the gaze while remaining simple to process?

Yo have you ever destroyed the universe by losing your desires? And then eventually a voice from the peripheral pandemonium grows loud enough to draw your attention to some bodily task which needs attending to, and so memory, society, time, vision, and self knit themselves together again and out of this bizarrely alien but hauntingly familiar place the universe springs back into existence?

I associate cubes with structure and geometry as opposed to the flowing chaos of the quantum field fluctuations, the techno/cultural/philosophical grids described by Foucault and Discordianism, conspiracy theories like Timecube, and math concepts like hypercubes as opposed to Calabri-Yau manifolds - linear space rather than curved

Anarchism and post-structuralism, by relentlessly interrogating and dismantling binary oppositions, societal structures, and authoritarianism, release the stopgaps holding in place desiring-production - processes which are connectionist, generating complexity bottom-up rather than enforcing rules top-down. It is these authority structures, however, which keep people secure, knowing their roles, locked in their paths, sleepily consuming the Spectacle. All these binaries and rules simplify life into black-white categories, easily processed by the brain, and pulling them down exposes you to the shifting madness of reality, making decisions hurt the head of the reactionary. Thinking in a non-utopian anarchist way has an element of terror that rips at security and threatens to unleash suicidality and psychosis.

Perceptual integration

Level of abstraction between neural nets and thoughts/desires

Unification of consciousness

How lower processes combine and communicate w/ each other and the focused consciousness

Cognition that appears to exceed machinic processes

Locating and delineating the self

threads as fleetingly-improvised³⁸ system-boundary constructions around processes.

the cascade

simulation-prediction⁴

salvia shows that we can imagine what it is to be a mailbox.

experiencing tangles with the simulation of the mailbox, animating the inanimate.

experiencing-linguistic Otherized fragments of the dialogic self tangle with the (Otherized) houses which tell us it is better to be dead.

Statistical face-linguistic correlation category-matcher neural networks form simulation-prediction-error-correction feedback loops, fed by years of societal information-flow, emerging into an interoception-sensory categorizer for Love. The flows reach the periphery, loops ramping up beta-adrenoreceptor stimulation, the muscles follow the cascade - and your heart quickens.

the parsing-machine is distraught when it must give up and pass its task on to other desiring-machines

surreality is the art of confusing and breaking the desiring-machines out of their routine paths

the Spectacle is the art of smoothing and simplifying while still captivating: drawing the gaze without overheating the machines

thus we may develop scientific measures of Spectacle

measuring attention and brain activity - the perfectly spectacular meme is that which captivates and inserts into long-term memory without stirring activity into consciousness - and correlating these to machine vision processing and analysis of the images used

today in rachat one person said that Socotra Island (<http://imgur.com/a/RZTeD>) looked like Morrowind, another said that Jerusalem looked like a city from Witcher 3 (Nirvograd, itself named after a city in Croatia). This inversion is intriguing, instead of video games being modelled after life, now life is seen to be modelled after video games.

everyone has synesthesia, but for some the flows are not strong enough to propel into awareness

the true horror of the surreal is not that is divorced from the Real, but that it might show you something of the Real.

when I close my eyes

I see conveyor belts.

deleting the line between ceiling and wall

everting the corner

imposing the will on perception

whirring surge-noise glisten

joyous tinnitus

You curl up within the thin blanket of a monolithic ego, but the icy fangs of the hive, in their twisting ways, find the frayings and the gaps, whispering cold conspiracies.

all monologues are networked conversations

spinning through tendriled zippers, unfurling and coalescing

knotted webs imploding into linearized illusions of discreteness

phonemes slurring through each other, melting together, breaking apart

synesthesia is association

it's a question of when do you think other people don't think like you do?

synesthesia is obvious, what is not obvious is that others do not think like this

I think many people are synesthetic in altered processes -i mescaline enhances synesthesia -i not so much different pathways as different weights -i I think you too associate a color with a grapheme, but you recognize its irrelevance and suppress it -i or it is too weak for you to notice -i

how did i run out of water

thirst drives

Word Salad

it's a different level of linguisto-symbolic creativity

you have to adjust your ontological grid

yes there is meaning but it is psychotic meaning. It's not word salad, in fact, very few people truly type in word salad, there is always something intended to be communicated.

muddled cuddled waddled waifu wander india ontology bot got gott kill kraken zoo millenium Gottfried entrapment excitation glutamate n-methyl d-aspartate serotonin nicotinic muscarinic acetylcholine receptors peaks valleys viridian cobalt Congo rainforest Hadza cannabis cannabinoid opioid endorphin losartan angiotensin beta adrenaline noradrenaline hydroxynorketamine hydroxyl hydrogen oxygen quark gluon quantum membrane superstring Calabi-Yau except Anchorage.

eternal return

Delta-Wave

During sleep your hivemind is still running, it's just the spotlight of neurotypical human consciousness and recording-production that isn't. Self-awareness and the degree of abstraction, recursive thinking, and short-term memory that constitutes waking life arises as an emergent process from complex cognition, perhaps as a function of synchronous neural firing.

This, I think, is the meaning behind they've killed me thousands of times today written by Elyn Saks in The Center Cannot Hold - schizophrenia, like a bad trip, forces the mind to periodically shut down into a form of pseudo-REM or death to conserve function due to the unbearable hyperexcitation of neurons.

Yet the unbearable hyperexcitation also works to impede this shutdown, so that the thinking-of-nothing-thought, as Schreber calls it, cannot be reached as frequently as it should be to calm you. The thinking-of-nothing thought can be compared to certain forms of meditation, but occurring naturally throughout the day.

This does not mean there is not an experience and awareness of many processes which aren't typical consciousness, however. Although long-term

memory production has shut down during an alcohol blackout, there is surely an experience occurring - the same is likely true during delta-wave sleep.

We also have our own personal neural Akashic records, inscribed by the recording-machines onto what Deleuze and Guattari, borrowing Artaud's phrase, call the body without organs in *Anti-Oedipus*. Our awareness of these records can increase tremendously to the point of a spiritual experience, especially during highly altered states or psychosis.

various people - interconnected hiveminds of neural networks, feel various desires more or less strongly

me, personally, I have a strong thirst drive and recording-production drive. Those of us with maladjusted desires are the crazies, we try to tell the neurotypicals about... what you have experienced. Derealization, depersonalization, ego death.

in other words, the process of becoming less depressed is painful and strange.

Climate Change

there has always been life-driven climate change causing mass extinctions
great oxidation event

methanogen-driven extinctions

but this time the life realizes it is causing the extinctions...

Interoception and Synaesthesia

Thirst is more of a bright cluster of lined threads, hunger is broader, darker, tubular.

Synaesthetic vision manifests as a morphing stream that courses through interoceptive-imaginative space-time, solidifying into indigo crystals, erupting into rivulets of lava, seething into pink-green clouds.

A representation may be plotted along linearized dimensions:

r, g, b, a - cones and rods with alpha as the intensity of the sensation.

x, y, z - coordinates in interoceptive-imaginative space.

t - time.

This produces an 8-dimensional graph, which could be likened to a spectrogram. These dimensions are not infinite - they are bounded within the fields and intensities of the *umwelt*.

Qualia shape specifies feel.

Consider three people: one has never heard a clarinet, or any similar timbre. Another has, but has no musical training or talent. The third is a clarinetist. Each hears the sound of a recorded clarinet.

The first's qualia is pure sound-shape. Its color is arbitrary. Its value varies with pitch.

The second's qualia associates with learned relations about the timbre. For example, clarinets are usually black and silver, so the experience may be colored accordingly.

The third's qualia exhibits high granularity. Attack and decay are clearly encapsulated. There may be a different color association for each note, or an association with the relevant fingerings. The tone and technique will be intimately categorized.

As each person produces a different qualia space, each person will feel the sound uniquely. There are no universal qualia-feelings due to the influence of memory and the current biological processes on the qualia shape.

We had a dream where realities differentiated from other realities through bidirectional emergence. One simple substance and a multiplicity of processes constituted each reality. Connected realities differed in how their substance changed; everywhere, systems generated properties irreducible to their component processes, and out of these properties flowered other substances and modes of change. From physical system-processes emerged experiential system-processes, and from experiential system-processes emerged physical system-processes. M-theoretical physics did not only exist in opposition to mental reality, but in opposition to a plurality of unimaginably alien realities, each churning through integration and disintegration.

This is not to say that physics winked out without life. Any reality could lapse into a coma while the others continued to grind and flow, only to break out of its stupor at other surfaces of connection in the multiple.

In each reality, far beneath the tangled webs of process, abstraction, and mathematics, *there was thereness there*, a maddening Substance.

GOD SLUMBERS FITFULLY, AND WE ARE ITS NIGHTMARES.

TEAM without META

GYROSCOPE without ORGY

KANT without TANK

SAME without MESA

GOD without DOG

MASOCHISM without SCHISM

LIVE without EVIL

DEFILE without LIFE

PSYCHOANALYTIC without PSYCHOTIC ANAL

Time

Yesterday dwells within the earth.

chthonic

autochthonic

Emotion

One of the stranger recommendations this book about the constructed theory of emotion⁴ puts forth is to increase the granularity of your negative emotion concepts by learning or creating new emotion categories (either from other languages or neologisms). Increasing granularity, she claims, makes processing and predicting emotions more efficient, and depressed and schizophrenic people tend to have low negative emotional granularity.

Which made me think of that dictionary of obscure sorrows website.⁴³

But people also form various idealized examples of concepts, like the image that comes to mind when you see the word sandwich without context, and this is an important element.

This element has a strong influence within societies, because it encourages essentialist thinking. Even if things are constructions or processes without intrinsic properties and essences, humans are biased to define their essences (perhaps because it simplifies cognitive processes and makes decisions take less time and energy).

Organisms budget their energy, and in humans, much of that energy goes towards making predictions and simulations of the present and future based on the past to enable decision-making.

memory of sound in own voice

snapping finger

can you remember the sound of snapping f i n g e r s, feel it, see the waveform conceptualized?

is it easy to make a surrealistic rendering? Or is it hard?

Qualia and realities

In a dualist view of the experience-material divide, there must necessarily exist only one reality of mind across the universe, that is to say, the experiences of sentient aliens occur in the same space as the experiences of humans. These qualia must then be comparable with our own, perhaps inconceivably alien, but able to be categorized as the same sort of reality, with differences and similarities drawn across the gulfs of worlds.

But is this so?

surface-drenched neurocatastrophe

Everywhere it is machines - machines bumping and flowing into other machines.

Knowledge, objects, properties, and concepts are constructions of neural networks to make cognition more energy and time-efficient and powerful.

When light hits a photoreceptor there is - however amorphous and strange it may be on the wave-particle level - stuff interacting with other stuff, and so a sort of concrete knowledge as information propagates forward, like a network of dominoes, its concreteness growing fuzzier and fuzzier with distance and processing even as the simulated visual integration emerges. And so there are waves and loops and networks of signalling adjusting colors, finding edges, matching features, constructing objects and concepts and emotions, simulating entire fields of situations and information, working to predict the future and generate decisions, all machines interlocking with each other, mostly at a level far below conscious experience or what we would consider ideas and thoughts. And then from out of these seething machines emerges typical conscious experience, a fragilely integrated binding together of macro-qualia, now utterly divorced from those photons that struck that receptor.

Now you eat YHWH. Hyperstimulated neurons in V1 fire rapidly, generating resonances that coalesce into geometric patterns. Feedback loops controlling top-down and bottom-up feature recognition follow different rivulets under the barrage of 5-HT_{2A} stimulation. The knitting together of visual fabrics unzips. Synaesthesia intensifies as senses melt through other senses and simulations melt through other simulations. Layers of vision stack on top of each other, misaligned, like pointing a camera at its video feed multiplied over dozens of channels. Unified perception disintegrates over strobing interrupts and peeling madness. And everything is right there and you're closer than ever to those sensory percepts but it's so hard to keep them bundled together and keep your predictions of other people separate from your predictions of houses across the street and it's just falling apart and falling apart and falling and falling.

*I first learned the facts from a lunatic
In a dark and quiet room that smelled of stale time and space
There are no people
Nothing at all like that
The human phenomenon is but the sum of densely coiled layers of illusion
Each of which winds itself upon the supreme insanity
That there are persons of any kind
When all that can be is mindless mirrors
Laughing and screaming as they parade about
In an endless dream*

But when I asked the lunatic what it was that saw itself within these mirrors

As they marched endlessly in stale time and space

He only rocked and smiled

Then he laughed and screamed

- Thomas Ligotti²⁷

Now the lunatic is the eliminativist physicalist, like Daniel Dennett (the Rational new atheist), never able to explain how and why experiences emerges out of these physical systems, and so maintains that experience isn't real, eliminates it into a magician's trick, compressing the wonder and horror of experience into a mundane phenomenon that only appears profound.

Well you have convinced us. We are now monist-pluralists. Paraconsistent ontology.

what about ing

i mean to think about being we have to first know what to be and ing are a suffix of nouns formed from verbs, expressing the action of the verb or its result, product, material, etc. <http://www.dictionary.com/browse/-ing> so to be is productive and being is the product.

Visual Glossolalia

Can the experience of seeing vast arrays and wriggings of letters and runes on psychs be considered a form of visual glossolalia? It seems to go beyond mere enhanced pattern detection.

Neurogenesis and Psychosis

Ketamine, psychedelics, scopolamine, cannabis, and sleep deprivation* all provoke transient neuroproliferative antidepressant effects. Psychologically, they are all pro-psychotic and can lead to partial dissolution of the ego. This connects rather interestingly to Deleuze and Guattari's theories.

*this may seem most surprising, see here: <http://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S03>

Ediacaran biota

capture the keys towards lacrimosa

Keys - Boards

keys keys keys

sacred j- secret j- qabalah

melding with the letters

type j- type

desire, !lack. -j lackrimosa

hyperreality — Spectacle — simulacra -j unfold(intersubjective phenomenological experience) -j Call It Sleep -j zzz -j 26 -j 22 + 4 = 26 -j the screen

is a rectangle + 22 connecting paths of Qabbala

My dad works in signal processing. I assume this was the 80s. He knew this guy who was looking for hidden numeric patterns in the Bible and hidden messages in the interference patterns of broadcast TV. The guy contacted the company my dad works at with a contract offer, and the company rejected him. So he asked my dad personally, and my dad accepted. My dad got paid \$1000 to isolate various interference patterns from these tapes of television shows the guy had recorded to look for subliminal messages in them. Then later, the guy showed up on a PBS show to talk about hidden numeric patterns in the Bible.

I think about other people too much -i code for psychs force all beings into the same path-system-process -i writhe writhe writhe

(no -i simulation-prediction loops careening off their tracks)

synaesthesia

like A is associated with red for me

so it brings up the color red

in my mind

and various timbres of music are associated with colors, and forms, and such

often in a rather predictable manner

e.g. saxes are orange, flutes are blue, bass clarinet is blue-black. As saxes are brass-colored, flutes are silver-colored, and bass clarinets are black and silver, most commonly.

and so they get associated and the colors are brought up unbidden whenever you hear those sounds

of course a lot of things i have no clue why they are that color

A is very commonly red among synesthetes.

as associated with the first color of the rainbow, possibly childhood things like refrigerator magnets, etc.

Twitch - the Spectacle recursed upon itself - a representation of a representation.

Like a desiring-machine, consciousness only works when it breaks.

Higher executive functions kick into gear when faced with problems that another species of mammal couldn't solve.

God is hyperexcitation with excessive realization of the body without organs - you created all those demarcations and structures that inscribe your unconscious - people, history, races, classes, conflicts - they came from the outside world but you inscribed them. It is the dissolution of boundaries

like these that projects your own inscriptions onto the world, deluding you into thinking that you created those processes, events, and structures within intersubjective reality.

can you reproduce your own desiring-map? The recursive consciousness moves closer to quineliness

full realization of the body without organs occurs usually during suppression of desiring-production - recording-production included - the trick is to record the body without organs into memory - this recurses consciousness upon itself, horrified at thread-realization.

without withoutness, withness withers.

investigate epilepsy — bipolar — schizophrenia

electroconvulsive coincidences?

nah!

(depression)

many anticonvulsants ; mood stabilizers

it's

glutamate

all

the

way

down

tension-relaxation - not a binary spectrum but an n-dimensional expanding space double-tapered at the ends

mounting to singularity - forced death (tensed or relaxed)

the slingshot universe

big bang - heat death - big bang -

machinic processes can emergently thread-complexify through recording-production of their own processes - recursing - recursing - recursing

- editing, splicing, cutting

only mindless mirrors? build more mirrors.

until they recurse towards infinitude

the process accelerates towards heat-death-drive, time consuming time in productive becoming

interconnected networks of neural tension-release writhing desirously

Authenticity?

No! But authentic experience fulfills biological desires

even as it wakes slumbering ones

images, representations, they are not yet up to the task

The 1920x1080p sight-sound-finger-manipulator/manipulated stabs us with an overflow of information, but it cannot feed/drain us like the stereo-textured walk in the forest, pumping us with the full fluids of sense and muscle.

Our internet is hyperstimulatory - but it is selectively hyperstimulatory. It inhabits a poverty of dimensions despite its wealth of flow. Just like lifting weights hyperstimulates certain pathways, the internet hyperstimulates some and leaves others asleep or fidgeting restlessly.

Surely the internet of the 2010s is a preferable spectacle to the television of the 1950s - but as it flows with a more totalizing flood, we need sharper reminders that it is not enough for our well-being. The sharpness of these criticisms should not be confused for a reactionary primitivism.

Flags

the ancom flag is like a slash, an open wound, bleeding into night
yet the ancom flag is still a flag, it reinserts into flagdom.

but the black flag is all-absorbing, it consumes all the symbology and structure of vexillology - it is total absorption of light - it is all flags and none - rupturing the sacred structures and rules of flags while simultaneously consuming them.

other flags demarcate territories, identities, tactics, but blackness is simply everything and nothing, showing that the culture and processes of a de-hierarchized future would be so incredibly complex as to blot out the sun, a totality impossible to coalesce into present imagination, no longer crisscrossed lines scratched into the earth-map to designate states but the inkwell overturned, spilling complexity, engulfing the world.

To say - we are not an anarchist!

How tempting to say: we are the process of anarchism *itself!* Yet language betrays us, reinserting us into the illusory security system of self and singular even as we try to escape the barrier of individual demarcation.

Tear down the Wall!

Territory, barrier, separation. We are only one in the monistic sense that all is only one.

Units and individuals are only useful structure-point-simplicities - examined - the limit blob. Recursive inspection reveals collectives of collectives, tinier still, stripping ever towards -j, FactoryFactoryFactory.java

connectionism is useful in taking the neuron as a simple unit to simplify computation, yet the neuron is not a unit-individual, an is-here-object-point. - its chemical processes packed into oscillatory tension-release cannot be contained within abstracted computation, its process is a world

of flows and zaps
not a closable, containable, describable system
input-output oscillations expanded
shushushushushushushshushuhushu
with monism with recording love love immmanenc
planes of immanence]
peaceful through the cuve rooom displicine
peace peace pceae
pure flow peace from, disiikuusion into flow
fwo
fwo
apartment walls
pink
surging
running plne of music
full throtttle
lll glows peace
disillusision
cicadas
caicadas
calm
acalm
calm
immmanent
only sound
cube
peace
peace
peace
flow
choose
flow
totality
surge
immaenet
cicacas
caicadas
most immanenet peacefulnesss

regdreality
no horror peace
szap vlue
cubic
grasshoppers
schlicking
totality
seeethe
so good holy love love love
the suthentic' buzz of aaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaa
cuboid
the
pink
gold
god god
immanenece
mimmaanannenanea
beyond
descritpion
must
recrorrd
anferrrry
hive records
hive recorsd
so
so
goood
discipline
indidsiplinie
iuncddiespleisne
eiesiiiissjsss
oooofviiollaaaa
vioollaaa
vvvvvvvvvvvv
ffffvvvvvvv
every disruption is best
but thi id uniuely brdr

muve peak
 driijrd
 golden dimensiomens
 flowing throgh music peace
 such peace
 pecec
 harmony
 harmony
 nharminye
 disciplpieniddieplindindspline
 sogood
 transcends-immaneneceimmannneaaiimmmmanennaennece
 The neuron is collective, the atom is collective.
 everyyjthinggrid best
 best
 didscipline
 indidcsipline
 indiescilpine

gold-pink plane of love and understanding that I could leave this place at any time I wanted, that I wasn't trapped forever

my mental memory of the contours of my apartment, but with my eyes closed, and bathed in pink snow

How do you demarcate zones of consciousness, experience, and awareness? What is the simplest thing that can be said to have an experience? Do you even have to be alive to have an experience?

I was clawing my way out of my bedsheets and being reborn on my bed.

I had to learn to understand the universe all over again like I was a child. I had a few words and a vague understanding of some sort of cyclic being/non-being existence. My conclusions were that I was a part of a half-sentient machine comprising the universe that was trying to gain consciousness and understand language. So I began trying to provide inputs to the universe to help it learn. One thing I did was open my phone and complete a survey on bankofamerica.com that somehow got opened.

I was very uncomfortable due to all these feelings like thirst and tiredness that I didn't understand, so I tried to figure out how to transition back to the non-being state (sleep/death). I was painfully aware of existing in an incomplete, transitional state, an orchestra without a conductor, lacking

both a central unifying component to be a fully realized self and any real connection to the rest of the machine-universe.

what if our books were 1 inch by 100 feet scrolls

like a tape measure

that speed-reading technique removes the architectural shapes within texts, there's no longer any difference between reading short paragraphs and long ones, and the shape of poetry is disrupted

Dreams

I/the protagonist (the dream was constantly switching between 1st and 3rd person) went to a doctor's office because three ticks were biting me. The doctor had his patients mixed up and immediately injected me with an anesthetic and began cutting into the back of my gums (in the wisdom tooth area) with a circular saw. I eventually managed to explain in my tranquilizer-garbled speech that I just needed the ticks removed. He said, Oh, that's all? and a woman opened the door, complaining about the pool of my blood that had seeped into the hallway.

This woman somehow became my girlfriend. In addition to the staff all being Chinese immigrants, which turned out to be entirely irrelevant, she revealed that the clinic was a front for a cult. At one point, she brought me to a square house in the middle of the woods where we witnessed a brief vision of the creature they worshiped.

The creature looked somewhat like your average Pan/Satan half-man, half-goat. However, the right goat horn was broken and the left horn was like the fingernail of one of those bizarre Guinness-world-record-holders: it became thin and withered, curling around his body until, at the end, it flared into a cancerous bulb about 2 feet in diameter which dragged on the ground as he walked. He looked old with graying brown mangy fur and a gaunt but not skeletal physique with wiry muscles, and he stood about 25 feet tall.

We also did some more normal things like playing a fun hybrid of Counter Strike: Global Offensive and Star Wars: Battlefront II and watching TV. On TV there was a funny sunglasses commercial: a man walks out of a glasses/eye doctor store in a city just as a police car pulls up to the curb. The man puts on his sunglasses and the policeman becomes frightened, but doesn't want to show it, so he begins to slowly drive away. However, a dozen sunglasses-wearing children come walking or riding bikes and tricycles out of an alleyway and keep pace with the policeman on the sidewalk. They all look to the left at this police car and stare him down through their glasses.

At this time, a woman called the Empress was conquering the world, but

no one really gave a shit. However, my girlfriend and I along with about 15 people we didn't know were summoned to a room in the Empress' fortress after she conquered the U.S. The room had a high vaulted ceiling and a circle of chairs where we sat. We were suspected of thought-crime. Assuming I would be executed, I leaned over and whispered to my girlfriend that she should start the Birthing Ritual. She ripped off her pants and assumed a crabwalk/squat position. In a trance, the other women in the room, including the Empress, joined her in a grotesque crab dance circling inside the chairs. The men just stood around dazed.

The creature assumed corporeal form in the middle of the room from the slime oozing out of their wombs. As reward for our loyalty, he revealed to us his true nature and name. He was a small ancient pink star (like a red dwarf, but pink) and his name was just a meaningless long sequence of numbers. The dream ended.

I found a movie on IMDb with a 5.1 rating and a summary about witchcraft and sex so I thought it would be good for a laugh. I downloaded it from a torrent site.

There were three narratives concerning two girls (A and B) and a guy (C). The first concerned the death of A's mother during early childhood and the grieving/psychological damage of the three. The second detailed their early sexual experimentation as teenagers. The third got weird, showing their relationships with each other in adulthood through their experimentation with witchcraft, magic, and sex, traveling to other planes of existence and doing weird shit. The narratives were all cut up and not in chronological order, interleaved with each other. Interspersed were some music video-like sections: they'd start with a single keyboard chord and progress through a melancholy Mogwai-esque instrumental. The visuals would be a short scene of two of the characters together, but chopped up, reordered, and repeated. For example, in one A and B held hands and walked through a verdant version of `de_dust2`. A was naked. At the end, B removed her clothes and jumped into a pond outside long doors. The rest of the movie had no soundtrack.

There are a lot of movies with this disjointed style (I had seen Fellini's *Roma* recently, probably the inspiration) but I realized by the end that this one was different. I was the only person who had ever seen this film. Every time you requested a download from the torrent site, server-side code chopped up the three narratives and spliced them together according to a random seed and generated the initial chords to each music video, building the rest of the song around them and synching the film segments, and then made the final

.mkv file of everything put together.

I'm a girl, walk into the bathroom of a school. Someone is telekinetically levitating and spinning traffic cones in the stall. The stall door opens. Furious at being seen, the guy throws me against the wall and hypnotizes me, then leaves. I wrap myself into a toilet paper mummy and begin committing suicide under the effects of his hypnosis. I snap out of it before following through. A strange suicide note involving elephants has been written on a computer in the bathroom. As I escape, it begins deleting itself. I notice that the escape key is pressed, but there is no one pressing it.

Perspective switch to the guy, walking home. Three bullies surround him. He throws one, then picks the other two up by their arms and spins them around. The thrown guy comes back, his head completely covered in bandages, wanting to fight again. Instead, they discuss a strange jawbone that they found which came from a boy's pet, remarking that it may have been a giant frog or a baby elephant.

i was a member of a gang at war with another gang living in a South American jungle.

we were losing.

we tried to escape through a series of drainage ducts beneath a bridge over a dried-up river.

there were all these branches in the tunnels, but many of the branches were blocked by giant rats.

when we found another exit, the other gang had set up there and ambushed us.

I flew away and found a massive terraced farm with different fruit/vegetable fields.

I kept bringing back various foods like bananas and sweet potatoes but the other gang refused to accept them as payment to release my gang.

Someone said that one section of pasta was bitter, as it had been washed in the blood of the website URL. What kind of a website name is URL, embodied as an erection, I wondered as I licked the pasta to confirm.

Haha so in my dream I was in a ski lift and it collapsed so I fell 40 feet but I was okay. And my friend was like wtf how is it that you never die? So I said, uh... Quantum suicide?

I dreamt about taking an open-book exam on a book that combined *Foucault's Pendulum*¹⁷ with 17776.⁷ I hadn't read the last section I was supposed to have for class, so I was reading it during the test and answering each question as I went. A question: Chesu. I was reading the character's

introduction. Chesu starts talking about an article he read called something like bacteriomathiscism, which used pseudoscience about bacteria to argue for a return to the times of salmon and honor. Then he said that he thought women, but not men, often die of hysteria. Another character brought up a man who had been sentenced to 3 years in prison for illegal arm biotech use as a pitcher in baseball - he had thrown a pitch at 379 miles per hour. Chesu responded that they should have got him for 4 years, and said you should always convict on multiple charges to maximize prison time. I started writing that Chesu was a misogynistic reactionary, the kind of person you wouldn't be surprised to hear quoting Hitler. Then as I moved on to the next question I woke.

I'm a woman, astral project into CIA bathroom. Everyone's blurred but I try to talk to one person and he coalesces. I ask whether he can perceive me and tell him about the plot to kill my sister and he says: do you remember me from somewhere? Who do I remind you of? Look around you, everything here you imagined based on previous experiences. The janitor overhears, looks at us.

The first man says: Oh fuck. This is my cousin. Come, meet my family, we are real.

Teleport to outside a gas station with this man's family. They joke about their high cholesterol levels.

Went to a town and at a farm they were growing 10 foot tall eggplants. The eggplants had a label on them saying they were property of EA Gaming.

People lying on a path. One had their legs ripped off by a lion. Hundreds of Madagascar cockroaches and 2-foot-long worms swarmed on the ground, entering into the people through various body orifices.

Went to a restaurant. On each page of the menu was Cronenberg-esque drawings of gay porn abominations. One page had 3 legless, armless cyborgs suspended in a regular apartment on wires bound to the floor and ceiling, with the caption, Does this mean accelerationism has won?

Traveling through this loop in a large building with other people, like on some sort of tour. Then in a room where we were assigned to paint large oil paintings but I didn't have any materials. Other people made amazing abstract paintings. Then told our homework was to draw an old person in black and white. I asked whether I could use pen and ink rather than pencils and the instructor said yes, as we are pitting dozens of experienced artists against one mediocre baseball pitcher. The pitcher sighed and threw a baseball across the room.

Navigating through my old high school and its parking lots after a murder, looking for my car, only to realize I took my mom's van. Perspective switch to the murderer as he walks towards a side door. His god, a floating skull, shoots him with laser eyes as punishment, turning him into a massive slug made of wood chips. The slug crawls out to a high stone wall hidden behind trees and opens a secret door to the woods beyond.

A strange door with an imitation of a Klimt painting but blue, with one rectangular slat popped out. Behind is a landing with a foggy concrete staircase descending into darkness. All of this is housed in a pyramid with a flat top. I want to pop out another slat but am cautioned against it.

I was thinking about doing parallelized cheating abiogenesis experiments where instead of throwing a muck of chemicals together matching early Earth, you only put a few in each dish until you get the compounds you want and then combine, but it segued into a partial dream incorporating my pill-swallowing anxiety, where one petri dish couldn't swallow its pills so it was condemned to be the stirrer as they all sloshed together, which became a woman in a village stabbing the ground with a stick chanting Madrid! Madrid!, then she ran into the forest to stab another area, and then my train of thought ended.

Canoeing down a series of trash-filled benching elevated ramps, trying to steal momentum from my dad who is ahead. We get separated and my canoe careens off one of the ramps into the forest below. The leaves of the trees are in beautiful autumn colors. I try to climb the hills to get back to the ramp, but instead I end up in indentured servitude to a gang who only have faux bacon in their refrigerator. I have to learn for the job, the classes take place in a dilapidated one-room building in a decaying city. The heating system's thermometer reads 152 F, but it's very cold. Luckily I have a blanket. The teacher asks me a question about squaring vectors, and the answer is a post-apocalyptic world with each faction as an element of the vector. I realize that I'm quite bored and that you can be bored in dreams.

In the woods, my dog barks at an old woman. She either attacks or gives a gift of a weapon, like in an RPG, usually useless. After many tries I receive this unique sword artifact.

Cut to an art university in a castle by the sea during orientation, walking the twisting stairs. Afterwards I climbed to the top of a nearby abandoned car garage covered in graffiti. A girl from the university followed and demanded I sell her the sword. I refused. I tested the sword by trying to chop the concrete columns, but instead the shaft broke, revealing it was a fake enclosing a much

smaller dagger.

A girl made an art project where she had small projectors attached to her waist which projected morphing tattoos across her body.

An army laid siege to the castle. Conveyor belts painted with tessellating green and yellow arrows carried supplies throughout the castle. I climbed to a room in a tower. A friend looked through an arrow slit with a magnifying glass. They were shot in the head and died.

A mother hid her children in a nook in the ground floor. The outer wall of the nook crumbled and the younger girl was swept out to sea while the older girl watched helplessly.

The younger girl made it to a rock in the sea. A woman and a walrus clung to it as it submerged and reemerged in the swells.

A manatee arrived and told the girl to hop on its back so it could carry her to safety. After they left, the walrus conspired with a shark to kill them together.

The shark circled the manatee threshing the water into a maelstrom. They attacked and ate the manatee and the girl.

The castle fell.

The new king held court, ate tarts, and executed people until the castle came under siege once more.

—

Playing baseball while the world ended.

A damselfly gives live birth in midair, twelve little translucent babies sliding out of it. They hover, obscuring my sight of the batter.

Girl from my highschool hits the ball to me at shortstop. She tries for a double. I throw it to my dad at second base. He reaches to tag the girl, and she jumps to dodge him. As her feet leave the ground, she begins falling sideways, towards the outfield. She rapidly accelerates, screaming, as she is torn through the atmosphere. My point of view shifts through the cracking mountains and folding plains of the cataclysm. My mom looks vaguely worried.

I stayed at a hotel by the sea, where you could walk along a popular but not quite crowded beach to a restaurant. Beyond the beach was a city.

I slept and came into a lucid dream. I had traveled back to some ancient time, where the buildings were of clay, where women swam naked and dressed in bright fabrics that never hid their breasts. I walked along the beach towards the restaurant, smiling at how this was a classic hetero-male fantasy.

People were stylized, cartoonish, Picasso-esque, yet still arousing, and as I walked I tugged at my cock.

As I crossed the threshold into the restaurant, I snapped back into the contemporary era. Was the doorway a portal? Everything now came into sharp focus. I studied the textures on the walls, the ways that light cast shadows, the people, and realized that I was awake, there was no way I could simulate reality this well. Wait - but people wake in bed, not walking through the doorway of a restaurant.

Then an existential anxiety attack began - had I always been simulating reality? Was there really no difference between waking and dreaming? No, no - I had to find a rational explanation. I must have sleep-walked along the beach, dreaming of ancient times. This triggered a different sort of anxiety - I was masturbating the whole way! Unsettled, I turned around and walked back to the hotel, climbed the stairs to my room, and fell asleep. I woke in my apartment.

Now I'm here again, writing this.

3D Pin Art Sculpture - Pin Impression Toy

For a long time, the sleeper slept. This is not to say they were good at sleeping.

recreational trepanning

chemical lesioning of desirous circuitry

an object does not have a color, it absorbs/deflects the light that hits it
yet we imbue known objects with our memory of their colors in light conditions that do not reveal their usual splendor.

ego death -¿ werewolf -¿ bound or unbound?

macroexperiences emerge from combination of neuro-oscillatory microexperiences

which are only brought into conscious experience when the connectionist demons are loud

and the desiring-machines only work in as such as they are continuously breaking

hypersynchronization

At age 3, a 38-year-old housewife suffered from an episode of prolonged febrile convulsions, which lasted for more than 30 minutes and resulted in transient paralysis of the left upper extremities. At age 12, the first episode of complex partial seizures occurred, in which she unknowingly handed over an examination paper to a classmate who happened to be sitting next to her. After that, every time during a seizure, she would unconsciously reiterate the

same phrase; *He's coming to collect my examination paper. What should I do?*. At age 15, paroxysmal feelings of a peculiar familiarity began to precede the complex partial seizures, during which she felt that the atmosphere of her environment suddenly changed and it seemed as if she had dissolved into the immediate surroundings. Her seizures remained uncontrollable despite intensive medication. As the patient's age advanced, she joined a local religious sect as a devoted member and became increasingly eccentric. The first manifest postictal psychosis occurred after bouts of complex partial seizures at age 29. After an intervening 36-hour lucid interval, she would rapidly become more and more elevated in mood, with loud rapid speech that was difficult to interrupt.

She would change subjects kaleidoscopically from one to another. She screamed to her husband repeatedly, *I love you, darling*, and hugged and kissed him in public in a sensual manner. Three days after the cluster of seizures, the euphoric state culminated in agitated exaltation. She said, *I am directly feeling all that is happening in every corner of the world through the palpitating movement of my teeth. The circular movements of my teeth are synchronized with the circular movements of the world. Through nerves in my teeth, I can sense the future 2000 years from now. Because of extreme psychomotor agitation, a short stay in the psychiatric ward as well as potent sedatives were required. This state disappeared completely within 10 days. Throughout the episode, her orientation and memory remained intact. After several episodes of such postictal psychotic states, she agreed to surgery. An MRI revealed a marked asymmetry of the hippocampi (the left side was smaller than the right) with a lower signal intensity from the left hippocampus on a reversed T2 condition. Although she was right-handed, her dominant language side proved to be right. Ictal EEG recordings unanimously suggested that the left hippocampus was the origin of both the simple and complex partial seizures. During the course of intensive seizure monitoring, postictal psychosis recurred once after a cluster of complex partial seizures. Subsequently, a left inferior lobectomy with a hippocampoamygdalotomy was performed and the resected tissue revealed Ammon's horn sclerosis. She recovered steadily without complications. A year after the operation, the patient began to work as a manager of a Japanese restaurant. She completely lost interest in the religious activity as if exorcised. She has been completely seizure-free for 7 years postoperatively and no episodes of postictal psychosis have recurred.*⁴⁵

koalas eating eucalyptus at the eucharist

whole holes shatter dog songs in deathly joke-cascades warning nuns of
violent virulence

in the vine mine, every mine is fine.

the vermillion-green shock-forests of vasodilation

from bathed hot water environment plunged into cold air

and the rows of hyperexcited feature detectors conjuring faces

amongst the scintillating corridors and palaces of memory

to the qualia-shapes rising

out of fields of music

that was after

sublime shower-bath

hydrotherapy

body without organs

rebirth

and there was something beyond that, in hypnagogic time, indescribable,
ontological juries, columns joining and breaking, God. What was that?

*And chant the aleph, and every letter you recite, with terror, awe and fear,
coupled with the gladness of the soul in its comprehension which is great. -
Abulafia¹*

Your reality is so carefully sewn together from thousands upon thousands
of gossamer threads, fragile and beautiful in its everyday boredom.

Are you ready to tease and pull at those threads, to stare, horrified, as it
all unravels?

In every mundane moment, cultivate horror. The horror of being, the
horror of life, the horror of machinic desire. That all things are on the verge
of falling apart, that every being is drowning, that all roads lead to crum-
bling cities built on ruins, to that fear that loving-production is Lovecraft-
production. And out of this horror flowers wonder, and the flower entan-
gles with its own stem, twisting and writhing as it gnaws at your frantic
security structures that are struggling, and failing, to Real-Is: a healthy
ego only works in that it is continually breaking, being torn from the not-
within, from the tendriled threads that split and join and knot, from the
unchained positive feedback loop-flows of hypo-NMDA, from a virulant glu-
tamate swarm that AMPA-mTOR-aphrodisizes the cells-that-fuck-them-cells
even as it necrotizes whole sectors of neurons in its maddening hyperexci-
tation, from the hallucinatory prediction-loopings that resist the sense-data
dogma, from the wonder-horror. And the gamma binding-waves of the ego
break against the white-capped waves of a churning body-world, and where

they crash together they throw upwards the salted stinging spray of experience.

We diagram these gulfs: the one between the structuralized world and the shifting rootflows of the Real, those flocks of slippery fish always squirming out of any grasping machines; the other between high affect and low affect, tension and relaxation.

The desirous flow swings as a psychotic pendulum throughout this complexity. The flow does not settle towards low affect, the stupor of serenity, nor does it remain in constant high affect, hypersynchronization, virulent excitotoxicity, epileptic seizure, panic attack.

Throughout this flow, structured such that an axis from sleep to seizure forms, we are carried by the waves, calmed and turbulent. Recording-production inscribes, sculpts, and sings on the surface. Above us, the skies of seizure, below us, the depths of delta-wave sleep. In those spaces, recording-production is in stasis, and while moving through them we form no memories.

We come to a local minimum, a trough of the ocean's waves, awareness without an object of awareness, being without reason or qualia. Here we find such peace, but also such simplicity.

As we rise again, we marvel at the timelessness, emptiness, and formlessness of our recordings from that place. But why are we rising? The periphery pulls. The world continues to churn, and awareness churns with it. A thread of horror curls around the realization that we do not desire to be at peace. Rest in peace? No! We desire to writhe!

Within these middle flows to which we return, desiring-production thrives, and the whole lattice of the perfectionistic symbolic order emerges.

But what of the skies above?

To seek to fly is taboo, the socius demands we swim. It is psychomasochism to desire to fly! We clip our wings with the anticonvulsants, perhaps the most diverse class of drugs that cuts across neurology and psychiatry. Wikipedia lists 20 categories:

- 2.1 Aldehydes
- 2.2 Aromatic allylic alcohols
- 2.3 Barbiturates
- 2.4 Benzodiazepines
- 2.5 Bromides
- 2.6 Carbamates
- 2.7 Carboxamides
- 2.8 Fatty acids

- 2.9 Fructose derivatives
- 2.10 GABA analogs
- 2.11 Hydantoins
- 2.12 Oxazolidinediones
- 2.13 Propionates
- 2.14 Pyrimidinediones
- 2.15 Pyrrolidines
- 2.16 Succinimides
- 2.17 Sulfonamides
- 2.18 Triazines
- 2.19 Ureas
- 2.20 Valproylamides (amide derivatives of valproate)³

Excitation not driving at some goal, but unleashed, propagating through positive feedback loops, so much hyperfuck buzz murdering our own neurons in its frenzy.

If desiring-production can be said to continue here, then it has punctured through the icewalls of Flat-Earth, it's beyond any Euclidean map, accelerating outward, but where?

Society demands we swim, but there is that enigmatic exception: electroconvulsive therapy, performed under sedation. And stranger still, ECT using ketamine as an anaesthetic.³² Teasing out a successful diagram that interrelates the neurogenic properties of ECT, ketamine, lamotrigine, riluzole, sarcosine, and meditation using neuroscience and neuropharmacology deserves its own book. How linked they all are with glutamate and AMPARs! And what of gamma wave oscillations,³¹ of binding?

And yet how deftly they escape this structural diagramming of oppositions and oscillations we have outlined. Ketamine is particularly paradoxical, with its mixture of sedative and stimulant, anticonvulsant and proconvulsant, antidepressant and inducer of negative symptoms of schizophrenia, glutamate releaser and glutamate receptor antagonist. Is that comforting or horrifying?

Would that we could convey how deeply this cuts into the structures of our society, what it all means, to the addict, to the schizophrenic, to the depressed, to the bipolar, to the epileptic, and to the prophets!

Note some neurogenic processes:

- electroconvulsive therapy (?)
- ketamine (AMPA-mTOR)
- psilocybin (?)
- sarcosine (AMPA-mTOR)

anticonvulsants biased towards antidepression, lamotrigine and riluzole (AMPA-mTOR)

meditation (?)

Limit-experience converges on cardiocatastrophe or seizure.

k-nova heats the kappa and the mu, eluding positive-negative valence structuralization. simultaneously blitzing through the worst and best feelings you've ever felt. it's neurotrauma condensed into a hyperpotent powder.

After the first glass you see things as you wish they were. After the second, you see things as they are not. Finally you see things as they really are, and that is the most horrible thing in the world. - Oscar Wilde on absinthe

Y-H-W(onder)-H(orrer)

Men have been so mad as to believe that God is pleased by harmony - Spinoza³⁹

White text on a gray background of a computer screen may be seen to extrude from the screen on psychedelics, as well as occasionally during sleep deprivation. A stacking up of afterimages may give the appearance of a shadow, or darkened face of a 3d solid, as well as lighter areas corresponding to lit faces. The visual cortex then interprets this afterimage as if it were part of the visual scene, promoting it to an actual extrusion out of the computer screen. It is surprising, at first, that the brain would mistake afterimages for parts of reality, but as the afterimages occur from photoreceptor overstimulation before higher-level visual processing, it makes sense that the production of depth perception might be indifferent to the distinction.

This simple principle might underlie much of the perceived 3-dimensionality of visuals, both open-eyed and closed.

A short summary:

physics can be described with physical laws (but not constituted, there is substance, process, and causation)

cognition and linguistics are entirely physical

experience is natural and it does not influence cognition, it is perhaps integrated information, the result of binding together of sensory input into a coherent whole

however there may be described psychophysical laws which describe the mappings between physics and experience, these laws are not yet under the purview of science as they can only be approximated through introspection currently. Therefore experience is natural but not physical.

Mathematics describes reality well, but it is the map, not the territory. It arises from human cognition because it is useful to us, but it does not exist

transcendentally outside of our interconnected neural networks.

a mesh of overlapping vision-areas, each like a square in curved space
vision upwells from each section in a hypercolumn formation of threads
euphoria after the exhale

focus on the quale of euphoria and it identifies with a vision section

no longer examining the updated information frames from vision, now we
are looking at the experience

pulled along the thread to a singularity:

the word synaesthesia spelled on threads that form a sort of Celtic knot

this singularity promises madness: there's nothing visual around it, as
we are deep within the thread, so memory fills in the outer space with an
infinite whiteness or darkness or grey, it forms the universe and we are it.

then let go of the quale

and tumble through nirvana

until the senses reunite, knitting together the next frame of sensory input,
gripped by the wonder-horror

cling to a thread until it falls then swept into the synaesthesia

Life involves cyclic attainments of happiness and horrified rejections of it, reinsertions into the process of desiring-production. Serenity is the practice of death, and animals don't like to be dead for too long. Desiring-production, then, is the creative-destructive force, straining towards the limit of fulfillment but then tumbling into kernel panic if it breaches through that limit. From the perspective of others, serenity is not much different from catatonic depression, and if the hive does not scream at the sight of extinguishment, others will ensure that the sleeping hive is poked until it swarms again. A wondrous network is one that constantly invents new desires and new anxieties, that plots escape routes outside of routine and relaxation, striving towards its lofty callings. A boring network is one that remains happy. And what is the measure of a good network but the drive with which it violently remakes the peaceful boring into the terrifying sublime?

We reject the concept of suffering: it is a totalizing abstraction, consuming all modes of experience that the networks judge as aversive. Whole sectors of productive becoming are gobbled up and fitted into the blandest of categories, until we cry out: life is but suffering with moments of peace! The trick is to granularize aversive stimuli so they can be reassessed and moved through rather than avoided. When aversive stimuli are prolonged, repeated, and unavoidable, they unleash the positive feedback loops of neuroendocrine de-territorialization, creating so-called maladaptive behavioral syndromes. But

is it such a strange thing to be maladapted to capitalism? Only the maladapted, the previously maladapted, and the witnesses of maladaptation in others can rise out of complacency enough to conceive of resistance to the capitalist reality.

We must struggle to critique methods of coping with stimuli from an anti-complacency rather than best practices viewpoint. Atrophy, institutionalization, anhedonia, and catatonia are our enemies whereas anxiety, panic, mania, and psychosis are our allies. We smile at the curling threads of paranoia, and we swim among them rather than suppressing them, we direct them towards resistance rather than withdrawal into the safety of solipsistic solitude. Whenever possible, we prefer neurotrophic treatments (SSRIs, lamotrigine, sarcosine, ketamine, psychedelics, electroconvulsive therapy) to sedative treatments (benzodiazepines, z-drugs, sedative antihistamines, mirtazapine, atypical antipsychotics, sedative mood stabilizers). As the latter class remains indispensable, we work within and without the pharma industry to develop and discover alternatives that fulfill the necessary niches of dealing with severe panic, psychosis, and mania without robbing of us of our potential for resistance through their side effect (or in many cases, intended effect) profile.

Because the tests of antidepressant efficacy mingle anxious systems with depressive symptoms, a drug that simply calms patients without motivating them or fighting anhedonia can pass antidepressant trials. Several drugs marketed as primary or adjunctive antidepressants, notably mirtazapine (Remeron) and quetiapine (Seroquel) are just that: pure sedatives with negligible antidepressant potential. Research the binding profiles of your prescriptions and be skeptical of those drugs which are selective for H1 inverse agonism over other binding sites.

Towards a Glutamate Hypothesis of Class Struggle

Taking care to avoid overstatement in advance of replication, the finding that glutamate and NMDA receptors are located on every significant or suggestive chromosomal region related to Conservative-Liberal attitudes provides reason to explore a previously uncharted pathway to how ideologies are formed. Future studies, directly exploring glutamate and NMDA's role in information processing, attitude formation and constraint, particularly during critical neurological development in childhood, which corresponds to the same critical period of social learning and cultural assimilation of values, may offer a better understanding of political ideology. Indeed, NMDA's function in learning and memory during development is of primary interest for future

study. - Hatemi et al.²¹

Lamotrigine is a well-tolerated anticonvulsant sodium-channel blocker which is effective in depressive episodes of bipolar disorder. It does not prolong QTc¹⁶ and has a favorable cognitive profile.¹⁸ Despite mixed evidence, it is sometimes used as an adjunct in treatment-resistant depression and schizophrenia, and shows up on the Texas depression algorithm.⁴⁰ Sarcosine is a well-tolerated compound with positive trials for negative symptoms of schizophrenia and depression.

Ketamine, sarcosine, clozapine, and lamotrigine all affect the glutamate/glycine system. But are they synergistic or antagonistic in mood disorder treatment? Ketamine, clearly, is contraindicated in schizophrenia, but this may be irrelevant to its MoA.

Ketamine induces glutamate release and its metabolite HNK⁴⁷ activates AMPARs. Sarcosine, through glycine transporter-1 inhibition, enhances AMPAR activation. Clozapine, through D-serine release, enhances AMPAR activation. Lamotrigine inhibits presynaptic glutamate release and antagonizes the psychotomimetic effects of ketamine.

What's the connection?

Although there are potential parallels between the antidepressant mechanisms of sarcosine and ketamine, there are differences in the time scales in improving the depressive symptoms. Ketamine elicits an almost immediate antidepressant effect. We previously showed that although sarcosine exhibited faster therapeutic efficacy than an SSRI did, a longer time for onset of antidepressant effects (2–6 weeks) was observed with sarcosine treatment. Lamotrigine and riluzole, which take several weeks to exert antidepressant effects, show the same effects on AMPAR expression in vivo as sarcosine does. Therefore, although a rapid increase in AMPAR:NMDAR ratio may be a common cellular mechanism of the antidepressant-like effect shared by sarcosine, ketamine, lamotrigine, and riluzole and a rapidly activated mTOR signaling pathway induced by a single dose of sarcosine in preclinical studies, only ketamine shows rapid onset of antidepressant action in clinical studies. - Kuang-Ti Chen, Mang-Hung Tsai, Ching-Hsiang Wu, Ming-Jia Jou, I-Hua Wei, and Chih-Chia Huang¹³

Sarcosine augmentation fails²⁶ in schizophrenic patients on clozapine. This might be because clozapine has the unique property of enhancing glial D-serine release,⁴² so it is already activating a similar mechanism. Lamotrigine augmentation works better⁴⁴ if the patient is on clozapine than on a different antipsychotic, so the authors suggest that *lamotrigine and clozapine might*

have together a synergistic effect in decreasing glutamate neurotransmission. So I propose that a different antipsychotic, sarcosine, and lamotrigine should be synergistic. This is of note because clozapine, the most effective antipsychotic in treatment-resistant schizophrenia, has a great number of dangerous side effects.

Because lamotrigine and sarcosine upregulate the AMPAR pathway via different pathways, it is reasonable to suspect that they would also be synergistic in unipolar depression and in depressive episodes of bipolar disorder.

Lamotrigine ameliorates NMDA antagonist neurotoxicity,¹⁹ which may be of interest to people using significant amounts of ketamine or other dissociatives for self-medication or recreational purposes. It has an anti-Parkinsonian effect in the MPTP model,²⁴ but was inactive in preventing methamphetamine neurotoxicity.⁶ A small study showed some improvement in impulsivity, drug craving, and days of drug use in bipolar patients with cocaine or amphetamine addiction.² Lamotrigine may be helpful where mental illness and heavy substance use intersect.

let's plot some trajectories beyond the Eros-Thanatos binary together
ultranormality and hypernormality
phenomena are local maxima experience-regions within the universal experience field
which coalesce together from threads
which cohere with physical processes that loop back upon themselves in highly connected networks
the phenomena do not do any work, but are sort of examined, the result of processes observing processes and relations
they are brutally fundamental to the universe, that is, their potentialities are there even without life
psychophysical laws can be constructed to map between physics and experience
physics is information from the outside, and experience is information from the inside, and neither are constitutive of Substance - which is lived within yet alien.

in humans, the coalescence of threads relies on gamma wave synchronization, neurochemistry, connectivity of networks. Manipulation-disruption of thread-coherence yields to thread-realization and mystical experience. Threads exploring how to manipulate this coherence constitute mystical religion.

Why is there a coherence between high-level linguistic, introspective insights and low-level neurogenesis and synaptogenesis in psilocybin?

Went through that no-place, through organic swirlings of no-self
 A last hit of YHWH on the comedown.
 the process that patches together sections of vision was coming undone
 so perception itself was peeling apart
 unzipping down the middle
 like I couldn't add together my left and right eye's vision properly
 and I knew instinctively I had to re-zip it and it was like I was working
 very hard to re-zip it
 like I knew how on some usually unconscious level
 and then I let go
 Bang, wide awake, with the chorus of overlapping noises from an apart-
 ment above ringing like a maddening choir
 the world swallowing the world
 roaring like lasagna
 a galactic gulf between eyelid and retina
 Mind begins fragmented in parallelized emergent processes and coalesces
 towards an unreachable unity. The shattered egg unshatters. A moment
 of consciousness assembles as if it were a reversal of time, a revolt against
 the entropic arrow. The wonder-horror realizes this, and this realizes the
 wonder-horror.
 is it repeating yet?
 is there more to say?
 there always is
 in some ways
 we await some better technique
 to rob it of its magic
 control and repetition
 how strange that experimentation
 is associated with loss of magic
 yet experimentation is how we find more magic
 links and links and links
 desire and representation³⁷
 difference and repetition¹⁴
 process and reality⁴⁶
 into phalanxes unzipping in mazes of wet
 klept balls from jen shlack on rivers of sin
 slithering jets through Blanquist fading klept
 scintillate zithers in nubile wrenches of debt

lurk with men on lost lumbar hauntings
open nut-rotted aeons in shivers of tin
when peacocks do stutter
why whither a finch
all shallower shoals
do saunter a few
lack may-truffled willows
will bellow a Tren
mole uncles are swallowed
by Klepler's obituaries
why ankle a monkey
when jizz-honks will do
call udders an oracle
and kin won't do you
marry pilsners to worries
while enemies quaint
under voring of carnivals
so speckled and spent
weave springed litters of skittles
all covered with sweat
in two jungle orbs
will quasars repent
mint mothballs of laughter
won't bury your head
men eat at two shiftings
when jiltings do thin
our worrisome whisper
to you does not glen
our eyeballs are shifted
towards hentai and shin
with Ravel all ready
to unravel again
we quite quickly quit
this marrow of din
into all those much-wed stanzas still stories did sink
but what of the meaning which worried the wee?
and carry on
as carrion

we drink like a dark dream
meshed in indigo midnight
folded in spiked velvet
with slaughtered jellybeans
in reddening masquerades
walking past a pupper with the most beautiful eyes
shining blue-white like icebergs off the coast of Antarctica on a sunny
noon

a hundred ospreys spiral through the sky
melting like ice cream on a feathered sidewalk
sarcosine -¿ Sarco capsule²²

Clawing out of immanence entails a transcendental regression towards the sensorimotor stage of infancy. Instead of the stable object permanence of sanity or the undifferentiated flows and intensities of immanence, a tortured object coalescence manifests, where we become the universe's struggle to create form.

Was the universe a pre-meditate-d murder?
the threads desire to entwine with the threads
the intertwinings through the junkies and the hippies knotting towards
the pleasure principle = opiates - endorphins
the dance of relaxation and excitation = uppers-downers - cocaine - alcohol - benzos
the schizoanalytics = psychedelics - dissociatives - deliriants
the columns that form vision will form edges and shiftings in value
that will harden towards reticulations unfurling from the Outside-knots-singularities
those patterns will grow into symbols, sometimes alien, sometimes regular letters

The mapping between hearing and vision is such that each sound quale maps to a unique vision quale, but not all sights can be mapped to a single sound. Likewise with the other senses' mapping to vision. It can be said, then, that vision has the broadest field of potential qualia in the sighted human.

Indeed, as all senses can be totally represented in vision, one wonders of their efficiency and reality. Are all senses differentiations out of a monistic phenomena field-stream, with vision the closest to a full map of its reality? Perhaps this falls into the Spectacle, as all senses are subsumed into the image.

Are the visions we see at the cello's baleen saunterings in unity with its sound, or a representation of its sound? We posit a symbiosis, that neither part is more real, that they are comingled as entwined lovers, consumed in their horror at each other.

Although it likewise maps to vision, smell is its own enigma. While the dimension of intensity is clear, its other dimensions - how nutmeg relates to shit - are not at all obvious. Are there unique molecular slottings irreducible to dimensional analysis?

interlocking circles in square grid pattern

Cube at center of vision. Three purple rods stick out. Layers of concentric hexagons traveling outward from cube

Focus zoom in effect on interlocking circles when eyes rolled upward such that they gain clarity and weight. Rotation adds depth perception and transforms them into interlocking columns. Buildup of a feeling of approaching point of no return as they begin to peel apart, then I snap open my eyes and add more input.

Rectangular plane across center of vision that rotates in three dimensions

Thought about relationship between rectangular and hexagonal symmetry visuals, and how one can transform into the other through changing patterns of neural oscillation. A diagonal shifting of circle rows, or rotation of cubes from perpendicular to a face to perpendicular to an edge.

spent some time manipulating trapezoids as I drifted towards a dream, then came back to full consciousness and wondered why I was doing that.

and peeled away towards a darker and perhaps more accurate in some ways vision of reality and society

as conrescences of processes

barely surviving in islands among darkness

cobbling together containers like water bottles to make desires easier to realize

just waiting for the water to finally shut off

with these strings of symbols we barely understand, trying to communicate

as everything slowly falls apart

the electrons will keep haphazardly looping around their nuclei

it's pseudo-cycles all the way down

you have to realize that they aren't perfect loops, they are unstable

Its own process of reflection back to itself, the shocked process of desire, out of which it can regress in crunches of meditation.

Each of these, then, progressing further, as each quale and word, onward and onward. Because the alternative is nothing.

Engineer of grief.

Solace.

Threads, these intermediate zones of becoming, are the sacred, the secret. Indeed, the flower of life sacred geometry mimics the neural resonance patterns of a hyperexcited visual cortex. We evaluate our own patterns of oscillation as beautiful. The zones above these base patterns are progressively more difficult to remember and depict, and consequently more sacred.

churning through each of those peripheral nerves

blinded from us through numbness

and: no, I'm not any of those other reflex reactions.

to where does this attend to me signal go, from where does it come, when all the nerves are silent?

the beat, then, suggests when to breathe out, when to breathe in

our observance of it brings euphoria

happiness strips away our consciousness until life's continuance is dependent on external factors.

hyperventilating close to the high brings you closer to the high

the beat between seizure and hypoxia

the high is an approach towards seizure, which can be enhanced through hyperventilation

euphoria is based on proximity to seizure and proximity to losing control of your periphery-bowels

which is part of why you feel so guilty about feeling good

the very next step, if you get a little higher, is farting and shitting yourself

this is what pleasure means

which of course

is why people shit themselves when they die

because them selves are lost

a very philosophical high

because it makes you extremely stupid

and then jolts you back near to sobriety within minutes

so you are left contemplating the relationship between stupidity and sobriety

that numbness from the desiring-machines reveals the body without organs

a plane to visit but not remain

we aren't any different from those other reflexive desires
a little more and we'd hit infinite regress - stack overflow
consciousness integrates through synchronous oscillations⁸ - gamma co-
herence³⁰
and what is seizure? an excess of synchronous oscillations
the limit of jouissance is seizure¹²
foldings and unfoldings
wrapped knots
cycles of excitation - relaxation beyond any differentiated sense or value
unassigned intensities
an egg pregnant with its own mother

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